

THE
ACADEMY

OF
COMPLEMENTS



W. Marshall del. 1645

Printed by P. Church

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OF
COMPLEMENTS



W. Marshall, fecit. 1645

London, P. Church, y

THE ACADEMY OF Complements.

Whercin *Ladies, Gentlewomen,
Schollers, and Strangers* may accommo-
date their Courtly practice with
gentile Ceremonies, Comple-
mentall amorous high expressions,
and formes of speaking or
writing of Letters most
in fashion.

A worke perused, exactly perfected, every
where corrected and enriched, by the
Author, with additions of witty Poems
and pleasant Songs.

The sixt Edition, with two Tables, the
one expounding the most hard English
words, the other resolving the most de-
lightfull fictions of the
Heathen Poets.

London, Printed by T. Badger, for H. Baskins,
and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes
in Pauls Church-yard. 1648.

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William A. White
June 30, 1939

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To the Ladyes and Gentle-
Women of ENGLAND.

IF Custome did not enforce a Complement of Dedication ; yet this Booke would desire to insinuat into the affection of Ladyes and Gentlewomen ; since it can arrive at no greater perfection of happinesse than your favour, which it most earnestly desires. Let other workes cover their Patrons and Mæcenasses, to give from them a golden spring
A 3 kling

THE EPISTLE

king of their bounty ; whilst
this shall expresse an ingenuity
beyond such vulgar intents, and
in a brave and free manner sacri-
fice it selfe to your acceptance
and service , desiring onely that
you would grace it with the in-
fluence of your propitious smiles,
which carry in them a secret pow-
er, not onely to cherish and ad-
vance the object whereon they
reflect, but also to endear it in-
to others opinions, and make it
precious in their estimations. In
requitall of this your favour, I
shall be alwayes ready to furnish
you with the best expressions of
choise complementall language
for though by nature and custom

yo

DEDICATORY.

you can deliver your mindes in a
smooth, and gracefull manner ;
yet from hence, without study,
or præmeditation, you may
command necessary Ceremo-
nies. Besides, your Ladyships
Chamber-maids and waiting-
Gentle-women are to bee pittied ;
who having by their good car-
riage compassed Suters, are often
constrained to blush, in ignorance,
for want of Complements, wher-
with to answer them. Let there-
fore this one instance, instead of
more which might bee inserted,
perswade your intelligible, gene-
rous dispositions, to receive this
book now exactly perfected, as
your devoted servant, and to ho-

nour it with your favour; which
I shall esteeme as an exaltation to
the supremest sublunary felicity,
and the highest Terrestriall hap-
pinesse.

THE



The Authors Preface to the Reader.



Here is no question but eloquence is a principall part in a well-qualified man, for to see a subtile and a quick wit foyled in this which is the onely quality that is eminent, and adornes a man as usefull in all occasions, it were to be in extreams, another *Prometheus*, who made a Statue faire in appearance, but without motion; which could not be animated without Celestiall fire: it is Eloquence which adornes our Discourse, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and doors to the best company, and puts us in such esteeme, as well borne spirits ought to arrive to; with-

To the Reader.

out this we resemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without effect, our conceits without fruits, and our lives disgusted with those, with whom wee ordinarily associate our selves: to this purpose in this little volume, feast thy fancy with variety of most eloquent expressions, and formes of delivering thy minde to all, from the King, to persons of the most inferiour ranke and quality; for in this last Edition, Let mee tell thee that thou hast a Cabinet, wherein the richest Jewels of our Language are lockt up; first thou hast choise and select Compléments set thee down in a form, which upon an occasion offered, thou mayest imitate, or with a little alteration make use of: thou hast in the next place variety of Subjects, with expression to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy minde upon the like objects presented to thy view or fancy, thou hast witty disputes, amorous discourses.

To the Reader.

ses, with an addition of most excellent Love Poems, Songs, complementall and most sweetly harmonious, fitted to the tastes of *Cupids* Guests : Thou hast exquisite Letters, such as containe the Quintessence of that sweetnes our English Tongue affords us at this day, as it is now refined: then thou hast Dedications, Supercriptions fitted to thy own desires for thy use, upon any sudden occasion: Lastly, thou hast a Table of the hard English words, with a Key to the Poeticall Fictions : in summe, both Eloquence and Love, with their secrets and mysteries, are made naked, and manifestly revealed to the weakest judgement ; all these benefits are heaped upon thee by one, who is zealous for the honour of our Language ; by one, who bewayles those weak Essayes that have been made by others to this purpose, & with grieve viewed the former hasty and surreptitious editions of this Book, which now is purged and perfected

To the Reader.

to the Bookfellers owne content : read
it therefore with discretion and delibe-
rative confideration , and endeavour to
attaine to the quality of fuch worth
that thou mayft learne from it to cure
thy dumbneffe , to difcourfe confident-
ly with thy friends , and affuredly to
tender thy wit and fervice , to thofe
thou fhalt have occafion to acknow-
ledge ; efpecially in the Court, where
neatneffe and curiofities of all forts, and
principally of Speech , is to a fillable
exactly ftudied : I wil refolve thee good
Reader but a doubt or two , and detain
thee no longer from thy pleasure ; firft
thou feefth not the name of the Author,
if thou kneweft the gravity of his per-
fon , thou mighteft well have him ex-
cufed ; next for thy Countrey objecti-
on , that downe-right dealing is beft,
I anfwer , thou mayft fometime be too
plaine in the way of thy preferment ; if
thou nameft the word diffimulation,
thou erreft, the whole heaven : this work
relishes

To the Reader.

relishes in respect of the subject more of
curtesie, unlesse it be abused by craft:
accept it then as every way beneficiall to
thee, and take my wish with thee, that
thou mayst injoy as much pleasure in
the perusing of it, as I had to pen, per-
fect, and finish the structure of this beau-
tifull and rarely built *Academy*. Adieu.

THINE,

Philomusus.

The

The Authors Epistle to
this new Edition.

Courteous Reader;

HAVING added so much, and altered so many notions in this small Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seem strange to thee for to view another Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter, wherein at the first sight, without such a Clue of thred to direct thee by, I might very wel suppose, that thou shouldst not onely be amazed, but transported, if not lost with wonder) so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellæes from the Academy, or the Court; but recollect thy minde, and then smile upon my charity, which hath indeavoured the more to inlighten thy Genius, and shew my selfe to thee in consideration of our late losse.

To the Reader.

losses which these sullen disheartening times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets; our Sands, Davenant, his Sukling, Carew, and our late Quarles: Lest the Garland of the Muses should altogether wither, I could not but present thee againe with this sprig, or rather more aptly composed Iliad of choycest Recreations to imploy thy wit and behaviour in: Receive it with washed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion, for whatsoever thy censure was of it before it was then well approved of, as this first Edition declares, which now carries so much state with it, as not to stoope to thy Censure, except it bee for some incident Errata's, my occasions having made me a stranger to the City all the time it was a Printing: but if thou wilt still bee Criticall, be withall so serious, as to consider of the evill fate of those that have slighted this piece, which (when most imperfect) deserved better from their judgments: they have given themselves up to traditions,

To the Reader.

traditions; or to deale more plainly with thee, have beene but the Apes of Balzac: of whose Letters, one in a Manuscript de Morbo Gallico writes, that they are not to be toucht for feare of infection, no not with a paire of white gloves.

The other Idoll of these Gentlemen, which hath so transformed, and made them strangers to themselves, is one de la Serre, the Secraterie now out of fashion, a contemner of our tongue, and English method, one that hath writ very little to the purpose: his Translator grew so arrogant, and was swelled with such a Lullian expectation, that he thought surely that he could give his Reader the Philosophers stone, for he talkes of an Ars magna imo & ultima; you must take notice, that it is but onely of inditing Letters. But to passe by these pictures in the Gallery, to draw a Curtain betweene them and their superstitious adorers, wee have other Tracts and Pamphlets more alienate even in our English Commonwealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetoricke.

To the Reader

ricke, videlicet, our other Secretary of Tropes and Figures, a Packet that hath as much wit as the Post, Cupid with his blinder Messenger, and many other simplicities of our owne tongue, strangely humorous and fantasticall, so that we need not to trauaile for any.

But to be brieft in my Discovery, generous Reader, besides these colateralloppers of my indeavours, I have met with other downe-right Delinquents: the first of them is bashfull, he is ashamed forsooth to step into the quaint edifice of our Academy, he will not buy it himselfe, but sends another to procure it for him, and playes least in sight: Like a Wench that spreads her fingers wide before her face, that shee may see if it were possible, the object more modestly, which otherwise she must flye from: So this new eclipsed Gentleman that sees, and will not seeme to see, reads this Volume in his study more privately than his prayer-Booke, and perhaps with more devotion, though he will not let

To the Reader.

let the world know so much, for feare his phrases should grow common : it is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his Watch : in a word, he accounts of it as the Jewell of his practice, and the sum of his most refined conversation : This Reader is my publike enemy, but my secret friend.

A second, but of another forme, that will bee displeased, is a pretender to Wit and Language ; but that's all can bee said of him ; to him the Fancies seeme flat, the Lines are not sublime enough, the worke throughout not well disposed; he would have Chimeraes in the Expressions, Rodomontados in the Stile, Tragicall plots in the Discourses, and such lofty things as he speakes when he frights Children. But Reader, this man will not understand what he sayes himselfe: much lesse suffer others to speake or write to be understood. Away with this Gregory Nonsense to the Colledge of Fooles.

My third and last opposer is one that takes

it

To the Reader.

it very unkindly at my hands, that I should rob him of his Common place Booke, hee hangs downe his head, and bites his Lip for indignation; and to write seriously, 'tis a plaine case this Gallant is utterly undone, and sequestred of all; he pursued his Mistris with such Language, write thus, sung the same songes, and was so happy, as to winne admiration from such set-formes. Alas poore Gentleman, so Bates first learnt his Majesties Hocus Pocus tricks, and after printed them, and the man of Feats never appeared in his Calling againe: there the Common-wealth lost a good Subject.

So bee it knowne to thee intelligent Reader, those of this filken Tribe must now of necessity be silent: For if any of their Marmalet-Mistresses should catch them at their repititions again, they may now take this Booke, and turne them to the very Page and Lease. For my part, I tooke this taske in hand, not onely to benefit the Lay people, that never met with these Collections; but as my revenge ever lookt
a squint

To the Reader.

a squint upon these ingrossers of Wit, that would cringe, talke, and sing, for the whole company a week together, without any digested Method, yet ever still in their old Byas, troublesome and impertinent: whereas now there may be good use made of what they cast away upon every slight occasion; howsoever, let them now look quickly to it, for they are to begin the world againe, and in these times Wit is a rare commodity: If I had not conceived these Gallants to be more than angry, desperate too, I had set my name, and fixed my Picture to this new Edition of Additions, it being so neare finisht, that it wanted little more than the rolling off from the Presse: but I conceived they would Duell with my Shadow: 'Tis honour enough for me to hold this Book in defiance of such undeservers. And gentle Reader, since through the Pikes of all these oppositions, I have got into a cleare field where I have found thee, give me leave to Court thee even to a studious perusall; more variety Fancy never dwelt

To the Reader.

hath dwelt upon, or Art ever spread before
thee : Open the Leaves therefore, so as to
cast a serious eye upon them, and then deli-
berate of what thou readest in thy minde,
for I tell thee thou mayst else soone surfeit
with delight : Be advised. Farewell.

Yours,

Philomusus.

The

To the Reader.

My dear Reader, or rather dear friend, before
I open the doors of this little book, I
would first of all commend it to your
merciful consideration, and then to
your judgment. I tell thee that many of
the things which are here written, are
not only true, but also very useful.

Yours

Philomusus.

The



The Academy of Complements.

O R

Pearles of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, You are above fortune, which must stoop to your honours.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really as at this hour, remaine your creature.

You

You honour me so far, that I imagine
 selfe to be some other thing, than I have been.
 I doe repute my selfe happy to be valued
 a person, who is able to give a true estimate
 of mee.

Sir, Your judgement doth amaze vulgar
 wits, since in you alone all those perfections
 are found, can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth so ravish beholder
 that you seeme a heavenly creature in a mortal
 tall carcasse.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your
 treasures, mines of gold will not maintain
 your prodigall expences.

Good *Sir*, give me leave to feare lest some
 sinister stormes of Fortune stifle the earlie
 bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyish conceits of your youth are
 unfit for the testy cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confused Chaos of contrary
 conceits that wherles in my braines, and
 am lost in such an endlesse Labyrinth, that
 neither choyce, nor chance can draw me
 out of.

Give me leave *Sir*, to gaine that from your
 experience, that otherwise all the treasures
 the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be
 excels

excessive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you, as the mirror of an immoderate life.

Bee not so inconstant in your affections, lest in the conclusion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave me *Sir*, whilst I learne to despise such Gnathoes, and shake off such flattering curs with the flag of my defiance.

Theseus, faire one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruell beauty.

Fortune and Fate place thee in the Palaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplisht that it was hard to know whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, being incensed by your singular commendations: I am perswaded to her only to commit the chiefest treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudenesse, faire creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth nor careth for them that are dastards.

Madam, You are the Saint to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighes.

For your beauty *Mistress*, I may name you *Venus*, for your comlinesse *Pallas*, for your port and honour *Juno*.

If I want an appology, faire creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, you are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polished with more than terrene perfections.

'Tis you alone faire one that have made a breach into the Bull-warke of my breast, where like a gorgeous goddesse you command all my powers.

Fear not *Sir*, Love and Fortune favours those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one position is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty that kindles my desires.

Mistress, Deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crudely; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have sought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet

Not you crown my indeavours with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevaile.

Mistress, If you take me for frantick, blame me, which as it comes from you as the cause, it consumes whithout reason.

Who can degenerate, fairest of women, or dare to entertaine base thoughts, when hee views so glorious an object?

Sir, I am desirous to be suspitious of those felicities, I feare, I shall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my selfe that I may admire your vertues.

The charmes of Magicians are frivolous to me, in respect of the power of your presence.

I cannot look upon your face, but I am persuaded to resigne my selfe up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moore*, and burnes *Sybia*, hath not so powerfull a lustre as the beams of your beauty.

Halfe the Court is ingaged to your expressions, and those whom you besiege with your language, must needs acknowledge you for victorious.

Mistress, Your breath is as sweet, as if you smelt only on Pinks and perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate so far from mine owne happinesse, as to forget you, to whose desires alone the events of all things are

Let me beg of you to take notice of the advantages are bestowed upon you above the rest of men.

Sir, If in your imagination, I am worthy to be esteemed of, it must bee by your wife done onely, which can set a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes.

Sir, It is your presence can onely dissipate the clouds of my blackest melancholly.

Sir, In the midst of all my felicities, shall have need of you to make mee happy for without you I shall ever esteem my self absolutely miserable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation at the adventure, then refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as on an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained yours.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am ever sick at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backward in the expression of your merits; since they doe soe deserve an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse me as erroneous, since I have never said my selfe to you, but have ever thought

My selfe perfectly happy to be reputed yours.
Be carefull faire one, lest being led captive
felicity, your mind float in the surging seas
idle conceits; whilst the gales of voluptu-
ous pleasures, or the stifling stormes of un-
bridled fancy with raging blasts make a ship-
wreck of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter
your graces countesses with an unwearied
constancy in the wayes of vertue.

Sir, I shall endeavour to countervail such
gains with a Princely liberality.

Sir, The trumpet of your royall fame hath
moved us who are but subjects of your gene-
rous liberality, with all humility to entertain
such noble and heroick favours cast upon us
poore creatures most unworthy of the least
of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my
governing eyes as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath over-
powered the weaknesse of my fancy, since the
exquisite perfections of your vertues are cha-
ractered in my breast.

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or
as gorgeous as *Juno*; yet the accounts of your
being cast up, the gains of his affection
might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happinesse ensued the cha-

stity of *Penelope*; nay rather what miserie pursued not the vertues of a *Lacrecia*? how wretched are they then that deale with *Venus* or *Diana*, since love is a fatall care, hate a small calamity.

Blame me not faire one, though my fancies once abused turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty your creature that before was plunged into a perplexity now placed in the height of earthly felicity.

Mistrie, Pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly, *Madam*, if the gods, as Poets have made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Faire one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruell one, if love bee onely remedied by love; if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at least to appeale to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to breake the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortall foe to affection, and to vow my service to *Venus* is impossible.

Since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.
Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the
 faithlesse protestations of men, their perjur'd
 promises, and feigned loves, cannot but view
 a poore *Ariadne* abused, a *Medea* mockt, and
 a *Dido* deceived.

Faire one, your vertue and beauty either by
 fate or fortune, is too deeply sharined in my
 heart.

Be pleased at last faire beauty to accept me
 for your slave and servant, & to admit me in-
 to your favour, as that I may freely enjoy the
 sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy
 in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deep desires merit no better
 deserts, then have I no other choyce but to
 dye desperately, or to live miserably.

Madam, There is a civill assault within me,
 by which I feele a certaine restraint of my
 owne liberty and affections.

It is impossible fairest of women, for any
 one to view your features, and not to bee fer-
 ter'd with the power of your vertuous qua-
 lities.

Mistress, I feele such an alienation of my sen-
 ces, such a metamorphosis of my mind; that
 it is impossible for me to become any other
 than a servile slave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter a parley with *Cupid*.
 B 4 fairest

fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles at the beginning of our loved conflict.

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of heaven be more proud of their good fortunes than my selfe; who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of people.

Sir, I will reserve to speake of vertue, till your great workes come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue is the naturall habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more than any man living,

Sir, Your most humble servant.

Sir, When I forget to confesse my selfe yours, you may justly suppose I suffer a perpetuall silence, since whilst I have a tongue, I protest my selfe to be your affectionate servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but onely the glory of humility and obedience.

I should shew my selfe insensible of rarities were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroicall qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that doe undervalue the comelinesse of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, or the Christall of his clearenesse.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudible, since they force mee to confesse my selfe yours.

Sir, You are never so excellent a Poet, as when you speake of me, since you have Art to invent new Fables.

Sir, Those fine words, and quaint Discourses, with which your Ladies are delighted, issue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

Sir, You go through all imployments with as good fortune as noble resolutions; neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoop to doe you honour.

Who can distill sleep into the eyes of lovers whose cares breake forth with the morning light?

Love, Art thou but a vaine name, and no

essential thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant when he hath most need of thy reviving presence?

What is musick to me but a dolefull voyce accompanied with the various discord of my sighes?

O Love, Wilt thou now at last offer me physick which art my onely poyson, or wilt thou doe me service, which long since hast brought me into eternall slavery?

How long shall my languishing sicknesse awayt upon the triumphs of my passions?

At last, ô faire one, cast the eyes of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightnesse of those rays, his basenesse may bee turned into a most high, and through thy affections, a most happy preferment, for being thus disconsolate by the crownes of thy rigour; how soon mayst thou raise downe that Temple which at first was built by the refulgent smiles of thy beauty?

From whence can these necessities proceed, that love hath layd upon me; most incompatible? Lady, are they by your commandment, or is it by a power from your excellency, that Cupid hath such a command over mortalls: of a certaine it is from you whose faire aspect accompanied with so imperious majesty, vanquisheth me by him so farre to
 28
 resigne

resigne the happines of my former liberty, as
that I must now confesse my selfe to be your
slave, if you thinke me unworthy of the name
of your prisoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an osten-
tation of my felicity, when the conclusion, e-
ven the last Scene of my tragedy with horror
presents it selfe to thine eyes? can death and
dissimulation meet at the instant, when I leave
the world, and my dying protestations with
thee, that for thee alone I forsook this earth:
to be more kindly used there, where I shal cer-
tainly be caled of these sorrowes? if there be
a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or a society of abused
Lovers.

If thou art faire, is it to present thee cruell
if thou canst command affections, wilt thou
therefore captivate them? to be beautifull and
yet terrible, are things incompatible, things
that imply contradiction, yet even against the
Lawes of nature, thou destroyest nature, and
where thou mayst raise thee structures to thy
perpetuall honours, thou ruin'st them.

Most certaine it is faire creature, thy love
may make me to sacrifice my life at thy feet, &
I may punish that body which hath so unjustly
wounded my once free & serene mind: but
alas wherein canst thou glory? not in thy
beauty, for that will vails it selfe at so black

an act: not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some direfull revenge: blush then thou faire one, since to be coy is to be cruel; to be cruel, is to alter the property of what thou yet art, beautifull.

Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot expresse the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pittie, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the ballance of your mercy, that the unworthinesse of my deserts by the faire sufferance of your goodnesse may procure your gracious respects in my behalfe.

It is asin to suspect such vertue which glories to arme it selfe against all deceits.

Faire one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it selfe, and a beauty that glories to condemne others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the ule of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your selfe survive to perfect your vertues.

Faire one, what unremoveable suitor colip-
s your affection from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant?

Perfection of my desires, with one detem-
inate answer blesse mee with happinesse, or
silence

silence my so long continued suite.

That my desires to enjoy you are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Lover cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himselfe as alwayes to bewayle the losse of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a losse by his owne affections is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our forepast affection, by the oathes of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous credit mee.

Can you Sir weare a *Marses* heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all spectators judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court than the tents of war?

In him it seemes Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends that your wit should so farre out-goe your age.

Is it not strange, O thou cruelst of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenances of death.

Sir

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you for this so rare and noble a curtesie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love, and therefore though I am presented with a likenesse of your beauty, yet likenesse of another, cannot make the same effence of your person, much lesse can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance and outward expressions of your behaviour are suitable to the vertuous resolutions of your minde.

Fairest, grant me this happinesse, to have my poore affections, railed to a Lordship over your thoughts.

Violence of Love leads mee into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happy.

Armies of objections rise up against my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to passe through all the splendors of the world to meet with you, my pen could not reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities both of mind and body, in both which shee hath made no promise of any mediocrity, by the distribution of which rare perfections shee hath rendere you lovely to the world, and fit for the service

service of the greatest Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination, when you speake in such high tearmes, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy should I account my selfe, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breast?

Sir, No imaginarie jealousies shall divert me from mine inclination to that goodnesse, to which I have alwayes had an extraordinary propension by your royall example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity so far, that I will complaine of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, You know your selfe too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as imortall.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there could bee any roome left for you to entertain a man, of so many imperfections as my selfe.

The contemplation of your vertues amaze mee.

Sir, I finde in you whatsoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the necessities of the State requires.

Op

Opportunities would wax old, should neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable to you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience, then your affaires could well permit.

Worthy Sir,, Reflect upon your creature with the bright beames of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my self a greater happiness then to doe you service.

Your heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your sake I will passe beyond the Ice of my naturall ayre, and undergoe the infelicity of cruel fortune.

Sir, there is no happinesse on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your goodnesse doth perceive me of voyce to expresse your vertues.

You cannot blame me, though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have

I have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, Whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to your spirit, which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chastity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our fore-past acquaintance, to displease you.

Sir, For your sake, at the same time I both enjoy pleasure, and endure paine.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter to have a greater care of my modesty, since you enforce me, either to loose it, or not to believe you.

Sir, The whole Court is sensible of suffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am so farre from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none so imperfect as my selfe : neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he bee adorned with those abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but onely to expresse, I am yours.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complementall, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir,

Sir, Instead of requitall, of those you offer me, I am put to a stand what to answer you.

Mistress, I desire to passe my life in the pleasing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voyce is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemne me.

Sir, I am none of those who flight the benefits are shewred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent which with *I* might authorize my owne follies.

All my thoughts are your reall inspiration. I have no servile dependency, but upon your conceptions.

In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularities, hitherto unknowne to any.

From the first minute of my acquaintance, made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my selfe your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertaine these passions, to thee that you may appease them.

Madam, If you still persevere to dote on your beauty: the time will come when your face will scare you, more than a judgment doth a Fellow.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

Fairest, There is no part of the world remote, whither my curiosity, in your face shall not carry me.

Lady, The morall of my affection, is to instruct you to make use of your youth, and to gather rose-gaies, before the Roses wither: for be confident, when you have no further attractions then an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face, and you shall onely be left, to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, Suffer your selfe to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soveraigne fortune then the State of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of noble company dayly repairing to visit you.

Miss, In my most solitary walkes it shall be my ambition, to presume onely to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appeare, I am yours.

To returne you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my language is too poore and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I feare I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires, to be passionately, as I am your most faithfull servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remaine, as I have ever beene, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall war against you; for I acknowledge my choise to be artificiall, which I am ready to lay downe at your pleasure.

Faire Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murders which the arts of your eyes doe most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemne the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my selfe no farther in my expressions; lest I dishonour your goodnesse, with my prophane prayles.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late since there

there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath not presented it selfe to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is the liberty I enjoy, to professe my selfe, yours.

The principall object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir, I doe professe my selfe yours, with all those protestations, which are able to make truth appeare inviolable.

Sir, I prostrate all my presumption at your feet.

Sir, I can no longer conceale my thoughts; since you have an interest both in mee and them.

I never gave you a visit, which cured me not of some passion.

How often with your golden Eloquence have you taken me out of my selfe?

You alone can conduct me to the highest pitch of accidentall perfection.

The beames of your eminent vertues have discovered to me mine owne imperfections.

Instead of all those high expressions, you have bestowed upon me; I must onely answer you, that I am your humble servant.

Sir, There can bee no acknowledgement that I can make, can bee answerable to the oblig

obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you suppose I affect prayſes, with the like intemperance as I doe perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occasions, my friendship would never appeare, but remaine as a Recluse.

Sir, The World would end, & Nature prove imperfect, if there were not ſuch men to maintaine her honours.

Continue to expreſſe your ſelfe what you are, that your vertue may be its owne catastrophe.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time which preſcribes limits to all things, preſerve your beauty to the worlds end.

The Phyſitians have not ſo farre exhausted me, but that there are ſome drops of bloud left, to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, Put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſſe I was never more aſtoniſhed, then to find ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities, that Art and Nature can beſtow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body whereof another is not Maſter.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single haire, since I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a faire prospect, adorned with all pleasures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which nature hath locked all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it shall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would visit those parts of the world, which avarice it selfe hath not yet found out, rather than lose your society.

Sir, It is impossible for me to conceale my infirmitities.

Sir, What violence soever I offer to my anger, I can no longer containe it.

Sir, You doe so heap your favours on mee, that you will not so much as suffer me to seem miserable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You doe not so much expresse your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting such torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident ; lest hee whom you have so often injured, doe at last grow weary of his sufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I desire to passe the most pleasant houres of my life.

Sir,

Sir, If you pretend excuses for so poore trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold my eloquence as pernicious, as the perfections of a Courtizan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

You usurpe a more absolute authority over wits, than is lawfull or reasonable.

You smell too much of your Muske and Amber, to expresse your selfe serious in the waight of affaires.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch, and they transcend the subject, on which you bestow them.

Fairest, Let me ravish a kisse from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my soule; since my inclinations to serve you, have their original from immortall reason.

Mistress, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot bestow your favours amisse on him who hath searcht the secrets of nature and the depth of Philosophy, that he might not appeare to be ingrateful.

Sir, You must give mee leave to admire your judgement, which appears to be far more excellent, than your fortunes.

Sir, Let me not seeme to incurre a crime, since I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir, You vary your shape, and change your perfumes, according to the diversity of seasons.

Let it please you out of your noblenesse, to afford me to bee your Graces most obedient and faithfull servant.

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities, that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world, by your contentments, or discomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes I am forc't to admire your vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men, but to your selfe.

Sir, Your goodnesse is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestowes on her most glorious creatures.

Sir, I speak this seriously, with my best sence; you may reduce me to any forme.

All, who have either eyes or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest, Cast one glance of pittie on mee, lest you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eyes;

which are to me the Embassadors of life or death.

Sir, You are the embleme of terroure, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Lift me not so high with your favours, lest you doe but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terroure.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in its royall Majesty draw forth the sword of disdain, to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, Since I am the patterne of all ill-fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miseries that oppresse me.

You hit my inclinations, since to recompence such vertues, were a worke most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, Your refusal of the title of eloquent proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the lists with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech; for when I would become most perswasive in my language, I appeare most barbarous in my expressions.

All your Rhetoricall arguments are but like blue flowers amongst the corn; which though they may seeme pleasant to the eye, prove

most unwholsome to the body.

Sir, I shall alwayes acknowledge the most artificiall language, to be like a gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glisters upon her garments whilst she her self wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Faire one, can I pervert the powers of the Planets, or resist the force of the Stars ? you may then conclude, I can repel these affections.

I am yours *Sir*, and will be yours in despite of Fates, and fortunes.

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the Fort of my fancy, that I must of necessity resigne my selfe up to you as a trophy of your victories.

Mistress, Since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his clyents, let us not let slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wishes of a poore mortall may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crown your royall deserts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull services made manifest the loyalty of my heart ; yet since I first framed in my fancy as in a mirror, the shape of your surpassing beauty with all humility ; I have cast my selfe and fortunes at your royall feet.

Fairest, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your person and vertues then I doe.

Madam, in consideration of my poore fortunes, let my affection appeare so much the more excusable, since I so farre esteem of your divine beauty & exquisite vertue as I would thinke my selfe most unworthy, though I were Prince of the world to possesse your heavenly perfections, in respect of any of my owne native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know that it is the religion of lovers to sweare and forswear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the coole shades more pleasant, and the frowns of lovers make their smiles more delightfull and cheerefull.

Mistr. I must never hope so intirely to love as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon sad in subjects, tyes her honour to the unconstan wheel of fortune.

Fairest, As a pledge of my protestation you shall have both my heart and hand to yours in dust and ashes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive not Sir, to bereave me of the reputation

tat

tation of my honour; lest those that shall succeed me hercafter, read my infamy upon my Tombe.

Madam, The beams of your sunne-like beauty with their lively lustre and sparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed lovers.

Madam, In the shady darknes of this Arbor, you seem like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of stars.

Having disposed so many affections to doe you service, feare it not fairest, your servant must of necessity visit you.

Faire one, whilst mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplendent eyes shall as the day light serve them for the dispatch of their affaires.

Sir, I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the web of our destinies hath passed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am reall, and use not to entertaine my friends with dreames and illusions.

Sir, This your inhumane usage of your creature shall never seeme strange to me, since the most fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementest enmities.

Sir, We equally share of one another's discontentments and dissolve our hearts together as one would melt one peece of wax into another.

Fairest, Those eminent qualities, which nature as a dowry hath bestowed upon you, like flowers spread themselves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, causing those courtships services and admirations which so sweetly adorne you.

Mistress, Ladies of honour to expresse the sincerity of their affections have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceased lovers.

Madam, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not since your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, exercise not the extremity of your rigor upon him that suffers such miseries under the false title and quality of an offender.

Know faire creature that such a bright day may at last enlighten my innocency, when revengefull lovers shall search into my ashes to finde out truth there buried.

Sir, These glorious progressions of your virtue will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

Madam, Shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, lest they be perpetuall open'd to teares.

Madam, It is impossible you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour signed with the effusion of my blood.

Ma.

Madam, There are those will deplore my ashes, and strew some silly flowers on the place impressed, with the prints of your punishments.

Faire one, when my soule shall be separated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit as the shadow of it.

Madam, If you should please to condemne me to darknesse by the eclipsing of the devine light of your beauty, yet I despaire not ; but that at last from the sphere of your splendors due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the rayes of your clemency to enlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and mis-fortunes.

Faire one, though death may separate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and we shall preserve the immortality of our affections by the immortality of our soules.

Madam, Seated thus on your faire pavilion you appeare like resplendent day in the attire of a majesty absolutely royall.

Madam, Your goodly stature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your person ; all these speake you to be a regal branch, sprung from some Royall stem.

Faire one, Your haire negligently dishevel'd and carelesse attire, grace forth your beauty, which shines in the midst of

many obstacles as the Sun in a winters day.

Faire creature, cast not those eyes downe, neither colour your face with those modest blushes, since it would appear most admirable, that your vertues should find fetters in a place where they expect crownes.

Sir, I desire to end my dayes on the Theater of Kings in their glorious services.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such an one, as you see full of good will, though of slender fortunes and means.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one soul, divided into two bodies, & since our amities have taken root in a mutuall temperature, and correspondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continued familiarity which neither death nor hell can ever have power to seporate.

Fairest, Our breasts shall bee ever interchangeably transparent.

Faire one, dissimulation or contradiction cannot approach the sincerity of our loves.

Fairest, Let me imbrace you with the openness of my heart and the profusion of my love, that our soules may evaporate themselves into our affections.

Sir, Your favours create me againe, and give me a new being.

Sir

Sir, I shall never pretend any right to, any honour in the world, but onely to obey your commands.

Mistress, The grace of speech dwells on your faire lips.

Sir, Hereafter ages shall take Palmes and Laurels to crown the reliques of your honor'd ashes.

Fairest, These eyes of mine, are but emblemes of teares mixed with love.

Madam, Spread not that Cypresse vaile ore your face, least you benight your beauty, and darken the bright rayes of your owne curiosities.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth to be known and beloved of mortals.

Descriptions of Beauty.

BEauty is Natures Ivie-bush.

Beauty is the Conqueresse of man, never to be satisfied with the rayes of her chrystall painted eyes.

A feature that excells all mortall senses.

Such a one, that when she lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a feast of Love.

Her body doth present those fields of peace that Poets sing of in Elisium.

She lay like eclipsed Cynthia, sweetly cano-

pied with darknesse, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* seen her naked, he had slighted his *Nell of Greece* for her.

Trimming her Beauty forth with a blushing bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty mortall eyes are never to be satisfied, as if she were made onely for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A Complexion as cleer as the Skie.

Beauty is the image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.



THE
ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.

Choice and faire Flowers, selected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our language with variety of expressions, upon severall occasions.

Upon his absence.

I Shall no longer esteem my self absent from you, whilst I hold any room in your heart and memory.

Let not my remotenesse change your purposes, more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live, yours.

Pro-

Protestations of Love.

IT is as impossible for me not to love you; as
it is for the Sunne to forget his ordinary
course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that it
will prove harder for me to forget you, than
it would prove difficult to resolve for death;
and know for a certain, that I shall still be ra-
ther content and disposed to consent to the
hatred of my self, than to the love of any o-
ther object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you
may hinder me from speaking to you, but not
to have the effigies of your divine beauty im-
printed in my heart: and not to love and
serve you, it is a thing not onely out of your
power, but mine also; for I am to you, as an
accident, so inseparable, that you cannot be
without me.

Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed
in my duty, had I not guided it to so much
beauty; for the favour of your affections,
the sacrifice of my life.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yee-
ded up the armes of my liberty and freedom
under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart, but death
it self, the faire Image of your divine beauty.

In admiration of her goodnesse.

Is your goodnesse that hath supplied my small merit; which could not have dared to promise me the favours you afford me.

On her leaving him.

Lovers in despite of absence, lose not the remembrance of their Loves: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on, do resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

To forsake me, when your company is dearest to me, is no sign of true friendship, which parts not at death it selfe, since love remaines for ever.

Take pity on all those bloudy sorrowes, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so mortally to feel.

To accuse in a Letter.

IT is better to love with severitie, than to deceive with sweetnesse.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not, that the affection I beare you, doth force, and by its authority, draw all these words from my heart and mouth.

Mistress, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpnesse of my circumstances.

We must not praise our selves, for being better then the worst; but rather blame our selves for being worse than the best; since when

I faile in my merjts, give me leave to mourne
for my imperfections.

Farewell.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not mine
Obedience be deprived of your service.

Adieu faire Sun of my life, I leave you for
this present; but be alwayes assured, that my
mind, and my desires, shall never depart from
your service.

Deare Love, I know not which way to
begin to bid you farewell, nor how to finish
this discourse, which once silenced, admits of
our disconsolate absence.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away
from all my felicities at once, loosing with
the happinesse of your sight, the most perfect
object of my beatitude?

Farewell, *Madam*, be alwayes fortunate,
whilst I shall languish unhappy, though most
constant.

Expressions of Affections.

YOU can never do so much for me, but that
the affection wherewith I adore you, and
the faith I have imposed in you, will prove
far greater.

Mistress, you are the first, to whom my af-
fectionate heart hath been offered; and shall
(if you please) be the last that shall have the
possession of it.

Doc

Doe but let me once discover my affection to you, and then command me to perpetuall silence, if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfection of my defaults, the life of my love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Bear well in mind mine affection, that though I be removed from your faire eyes, I may not be so from your favours.

The Lovers expressions of Constancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stabilitie, and stedfastnesse, that my Royaltie shall think it selfe beholding to my love.

My constancie may easily shew you, that I hath as good an heart to dye for you, as it hath a mind and desire to live and love you.

Earth shall sooner dispossesse Heaven of his place, then that any one shall boast of loving more constantly than I.

I shall make it appeare to after times, that I am the man, who for your sake have made my selfe an invincible rock of stedfastnesse: for I shall still hug my constancie, and never let it stirre from me, till my last gasp.

Upon her Affability and Courtesie.

It is your courtesie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature had denied me.

It is out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is of duty that I honor you.

Upon a Lovers feare.

LOvers live alwayes in more feare then hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrowes, then credit their joyes.

The feare I have, least my slender merit should take away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect, which my sweetest thoughts made me judge so full and entire.

On his Desires.

Fairest, Be but as desirous of my content as I am of your service.

My desires make me as carefull to please you, as I am bound by dutie, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldnesse of desire, had likewise graced me with desert.

To give, or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate and offer up unto you, with the same heart, where-with I vowed you my service.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant, than ungratefull.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and so accept it, not as a thing of merit, but as a testimony of my good will.

O

On effects of their Love.

YOU shall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

One day you will come to know the conclusion of the irreproachable testimonies of my true and faithfull promises.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOUR Eloquence is able to steale the soule out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not goe.

One is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your most sweet words closes my lips, and binds them to perpetuall silence.

Excuses.

IN excusing your unjust feare, you seeme to accuse my boldnesse.

I pray you heare my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my justifications.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults.

Experience of a Lover, and of a friend.

I Have so much experience of your good wil, that it only remaines, that you make tryall of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such tryall of your friendship and fidelity, that I hope you will not faile me in time of need.

Vpon

Upon her face.

THe wonders of your face, made me their captive, as soon as I saw them; and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your prisoner.

Upon his favours.

IF you judge, or deem me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfy for the favours I have received of you.

I want opportunity, dutifully to acknowledge this favourable prooffe of your fair condition, and honesty.

Upon his fortunes.

Fortune strives now to make me pay the interest of those pleasures, she formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous, and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

Upon her Hatred.

I Doe not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not composed of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your fore-head; but malice resided in your soule, and lay concealed in your mind.

On

On her inconstancie.

YOU use your friends, as one doth flowers
which please not, but when they
fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which
wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts
doth now no more raige in you.

In praise of her.

I Could not, without making my self guilty
of irreverence, speak otherwise to you than
in a way of praise.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with
all the graces; for Nature hath made you the
example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love,
let him slide out of your memory,
then he must appeale from your judgement
your goodnesse.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold
you in the most sensible part of my soule.

On his merit,

I Could never do so great a thing, but would
be too small for your merits and my desire.

Your merits drive me to love you, my
honour permits it, and my content will need
have me imploy my endeavours to serve you.

The praises you attribute unto me, proceed
from your will, and not from any merit
mine.

The necessity of his affections.

THe necessity of love is most mighty in the world : for it overcomes all.

There is nothing more intollerable in a necessitated person, than nicenesse.

O how happy a thing is that necessity, that enforceth us to imbrace such a desired blessing as your selfe.

Protestations of his obedience.

I Shall not all the daies of my life have a will which shall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am so much yours, as you can wish me.

To offer and present service.

ALL the honour and ambition I aspire at, is to see my selfe imployed in your service.

Your beauty alone is able to witnesse the affection I beare you.

All that is mine, is no lesse yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The most favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendship, which I preferre before all other treasures.

Wishes.

HHeaven, which heares the vowes of the faithfull, blesse and content your desires.

God

God make you the happiest woman the lives; even as he hath made you the fairest and most accomplished.

Heaven grant you may be as faithfull, as you are deare to me.

Bewailings of a Lover.

I Doe so bewaile our separation, that nothing can ever touch my soule; like the griefe endure by it.

The greatest griefe I carry along with me when I part from this place, is, to see how am for ever deprived of your fair presence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable service I think it was but the shadow of what I desire to shew you, by reall effects.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you, be but small; yet the desire I have had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur faire eyes have too much Majesty to serve for baits, or allurements of a dissembling love.

Do not deceive him, that wil outbrave death it selfe, to insure your life, and withstand the frowns of fortune to protect your honours.

On his life.

MY Life is a comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be; so that it be well acted: *Sweetest*, if the last Scene be Tragick, your cruelty must be the *Nemesis*.

On the lustre of her eyes.

YOur Eyes flash so much lightning, that like Suns, they dazle the sight of all such as dare behold them.

You have so established your Sovereignty over my soule, that the least twinkle of your eyes, disposeth me of the state of my life.

Amorous Expressions.

THis kisse and thy white hand.

Her spring of beauty raised in him noble desires.

Let me rule Lady, like a Planet in the chariot of your favour.

You have a most imperious beauty.

* Delight shall stream into our bosomes.

A faint Lovers wishes cannot recal the hours.

I will imbrace thee as all wealth or honors.

Though she were divided from me by armies

I would make way through death to gain her.

* Oh let me dwell an age upon those lips.

She is a sparkling delightful peece of nature

can make the dumb to speak and dead to arise

She is a Queen and Goddesse of beauty.

* She is a mine of pleasing joyes and sweetnes

Th

The great Commandresse of all hearts.
I cannot speak to thee, go thy wayes.

Wee'l strive to make the example of our
Love an easie Law.

White as the heart of truth.

Take all your vowes again, you are as free
as the aire.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee was
but a Negro.

Whose love is the Exchequer of all wealth.
A Spring of love issues from thy soule.

I must walk in the dark, and be benighted
to all the world, but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flye burnt in the can-
dle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of so composed a man.

Crown your servant Mistris with this fa-
vour.

Tenders of service to ones Sovereign.

Sir, **I** T may appeare great boldnesse in me,
altogether unknown unto your Maje-
stie, to hope that any beam of favour should
reflect on my unworthinesse, to cherish my
cheerfull willingnesse, though with hazard
of my life, to do you any loyall service:

Yet encouraged by your Royall goodnesse,
that can let fall unequall, yet sufficient blef-
sings on all, I beseech you to permit me, out
of the valley of humility, to look up unto the
sacred

sacred hill of your Highnesse Majesty, and at the foot thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions, and my most humble service; which if you graciously deign to accept, as I doe humbly prostrate them; I shall account your favour the supremest felicity, whereof I can be capable in this World, and I shall blesse the houre, that gave me opportunity to present my selfe and service to your employment, than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

That which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happinesse, was but a prophesie of your gracious reigne, shewing downe felicity in such a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I shall account it the chiefest honour, that my birth and stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyaltie, in exposing my life to any danger in your service.

Another.

Sir,

Though I cannot worthily desire, nor deserve your gracious favour; yet it will shew you neereſt Heaven, and that you resemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak
and

and humble devotions, with the tender of
loyall service. Let not the poorenesse of
merit, or the oblation make them conten-
tible in your sight ; for I have long had an
nest zeale, to expresse with what integrity
adore the vertues wherewith you are reple-
shed, farre above all flattery, so that your gra-
cious reigne is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-way
path, through which you travell in your hap-
py government, and by examples lead your
subjects to heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty were not to be
found in some of ordinary quality, I should
blush and tremble at my owne forward de-
sires to doe you service. But since it is a sign
of some eminent worth, not to carry poor
and narrow thoughts, but such as may be high
as heaven, whereunto that soule is allyed
which dedicates it service onely to God and
the King : I therefore ever accounted it
noblenesse of mind, to raise and advance my
thoughts, to desire that I might shew my
willingnesse to doe you service in some im-
ployment, whereby I might expresse, and
approve my selfe, your faithfull humble ser-
vant.

A tender of service to the Queen.

M Adam, The same service and obedience which I offered unto the King, I doe now with as great strength of passion, and affection tender unto your Majesty; and as I am his loyall subject, so to be Your faithful servant, shall be the height of my glory.

Madam, My allegiance and service is so divided between the King and your Majesty, that I shall esteem it my highest contentment, and chiefest advancement, to bee accounted your humble servant, a Title will satisfie all my desires, and re-inforce all my endeavours.

Another.

Madam, There are no words significant enough to expresse how much I honour your Royall perfections, which render you beloved and respected of all the world; while I make it the chiefe imployment of my life, to attend upon your commands; which to obey is perfect happinesse.

An humble addresse to a great Lord.

MY Lord, In regard of those many favours which your honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, not onely to acknowledge my happines therein, but also to desire that you would alwayes reckon me in the number of your most obliged servants.

Otherwise.

My Lord, As it is a great happiness for me to come into your presence, and offer my devotions to your excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart, so it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may approve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service,

Otherwise.

My Lord, It will become me, amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent virtues, amongst which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefest; whereof, as others have had experience, so I doubt not but you will favourably accept the oblation and presentment of my humble service.

Another to some great Lord.

Most noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour in admitting me to kisse your honour's hand, so shall I esteem my self most happy for ever, in that your honor will be pleased to accept me henceforth as ranked in the number and catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with the great and singular ornaments of virtues, in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions, my service in all obsequious humility.

Another

Another.

Most honored Lord, may your excellencies will be pleased to permit me to exercise my small endeavours of rendring my duty to your honour in expectation that heaven will favour me so farre, as to grant mee opportunities, whereby I may make appeare in effect the desires I have to present you with my best service, and endeavours,

To tender ones service.

Cleodus.

SIR, I must intreat you to pardon my boldnesse, in that I, who am a stranger, have presumed to come to visit you, being invited thereunto by the fame & report of your noble vertues, which have made me ambitious of your acquaintance, and earnestly desirous, that you would impose on mee some command, whereby I may expresse my selfe your humble servant.

Benmont.

Sir, You have much honoured mee by your comming, and by your words as through a perspective, clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equall to my desire, or your deserts.

Cleodos.

Sir, The occasion of my comming, was for

no other respects, but those due unto your merit, and by an humble addresse of service, to bring my self acquainted with you whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont.

Sir, You owe me no service, but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kinde visit, which is a favour farre above my desert; but let not our affections break off, for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I may strive to equall you, and ever remaine in the eyes of love, your most constant friend.

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this tender of my service; for to gain your amity is to me the chiefest felicity; not only in regard of your natural worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour mee.

Beumont.

Sir, I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me, your praises are but the effects of your love: but if my company, or friendship may be any way pleasing unto you, command it both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: therefore be assured of me, as of one that has devoted himselfe wholly to your employment,

*your love and kinde visits have gained mee to be
your true and constant friend.*

To thanke a friend for a Curtesie.

Cleodos.

*SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough
for your great love, exprest in that kindnes
you did me of late; but I hope, though I
expect a while, yet at last I shal snatch an op-
portunity to make requitall, & shew you how
much I abhorre the vice of ingratitude, espe-
cially to you, unto whom I am so much ob-
liged:*

Beumont.

*Sir, What I did, was even wrung from me by
the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging
me to shew my utmost power and most cheerful
willingnesse, to undergoe any service that might
concerne you.*

Cleodos.

*Sir, It is your worthinesse, that you will
not acknowledge your owne noble and ver-
tuous actions.*

Beumont.

*Sir, Those words would better become me in ac-
knowledge of your worth, wherein you far ex-
ceed me; yet in respect of amity, I will not yeeld
but ever maintaine a constant affection toward
you.*

Cleodos.

Sir, I will alwayes retaine in memory your good deserts in my behalf, and you shal know that you have not sowed your benefits on a barren ground, that will yield you nothing; for your love shall alwayes reape the first fruits of my service.

Beumont.

I hereby you will oblige me, for I must acknowledge the number of your benefits doe binde me to serve you; but I never did you any kindnes deserving your acceptance, much lesse meriting to be remembered by you; yet hereafter I wil extend my power to the uttermost, to shew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodos.

Sir, That you have done already, and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affection; my care is onely how I may requite your former courtesies.

Beumont.

It is I that am troubled to imagine how I may acquit my selfe for your former courtesies; for if you still proceed to be your selfe in such noble actions towards me, I must acknowledge my self overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodos. You shal not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done me, doe require that I should yeeld my self to be, your humblest servant.

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. **I** Have brought you to a rude Chamber but I am much beholding to you, for taking pains to grace me and my lodging; and am only sorry, I shall not give you such entertainment, as you deserve; let me bid you welcome with a kind salutation.

Gent. Indeed, Sir, You have an handsome Chamber, fit to entertain one of greater credit then my selfe; I hope you will pardon my boldness for accompanying you thus far; if I did not know you, I should be suspicious of bad dealing; and some jealous brains would not stick to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are faire and noble; for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chiefeft desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you; because we have place and opportunity.

Gent. But thole are enemies to our Secret; yet I hope, you will be right and square in your actions.

Aym. May I never prosper, if I seek any thing but your own contentment; for if I should

make any base motion you may with a frown command me to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.

✕ *Gent.* I do not fear your honest intent, but these wanton Pictures are Emblems of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit. ✕

Aym. Alas! these are but shadowes wherein the Painter hath exprest some skill, but if you please to make choyce of the best in my Chamber, they shall be at your command.

Gent. I dare not presume so much, and though I should embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requitalk in part; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. Alas! what is it that I can deny you? Pray esteem all I have at your command, and you shall favour me, if you make that picture worthy of your acceptance.

G. I return you thanks; it may be, I will be so bold to send for it. Now it remaines, that I must thank you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon for my boldnesse.

Aym. Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your Coach, and acknowledge

my selfe infinitely obliged for your favour, in voutsafing this kinde visit.

To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. **P**ardon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I beare you, doe here expresse it in the dumbe language of a finall present, unworthy your acceptance: yet I pray you weare it for my sake, it may draw down, your eye to think on me, who am now wounded by the powerfull beames of your beauty.

Gent. Sir, Though it would shew a scornfull minde in me, not to accept your love tendred unto me in such a visible manner; yet I am sorrie you should be at so great and needlesse charges: for wherein can I serve you to make requitall?

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy present precious, for if you please to let it incircle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will sparkle most in the darke, shewing that love, like a clouded star, shines lightest in the night of mis-fortune.

G. Well, Sir, I am obliged by your courtesie to receive it, and since you please to confer so rich a gift, on my unworthinesse, I will weare it for your sake.

Aym. Then you honour me above my desert; for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The

Ring is inscribed with *Amor circulus*, love is a circle without end.

Gent. I must acknowledge your bounty; and my selfe your servant, in bestowing on me so rich a gift.

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beames of your eyes; but honour mee so much to weare it on your finger.

Gent. I promise that, and more, acknowledge my selfe infinitely beholding to you.

Aym. You have said too much concerning so poor a Present: yet in your acceptance of this trifle I shal ever blesse my own happiness.

To mee a coy, scornfull Maid.

Aym. **L**Et not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warm your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfections; pray at last be mercifull, and doe not still reward my love with cold disdain.

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerfull language, but I am none of those young ones; you are decived, if you think that fine musk words can sweeten me up to betray my selfe; and for my beauty, I would not have you doat on that: it suffices me, without commendation.

Aym.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire, I were much too blame.

Maid. Sir, Wise men admire nothing, for if I were beautifull, What is beauty, but a fading flower, blasted often, with too much breathing on, and cannot grow safely upon the stalk of Virginity, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuse me if I prevent such a danger, for love and I are quite fallen out. X

Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaste Love; there is no greater happinesse then the sacred union of hearts, especially when long and humble suits conquers disdain, and so I hope perseverance will at last crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my desire with mutuall affection,

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath, you might spend it to better purpose, for you may intimate your desires and make tedious discourses: but in a word I shall never love you.

Aym. O say not so, you know not how much misery those few words would bring upon me, for hope, grounded on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and makes me walk like a faint shadow, while in my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a taper by me, watching my own funerall, and I dwell there in a mist of sighs; all this is for your sake.

Maid.

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of your death, pray shake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindnesse in ceasing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wisdom, that will cure all distempers.

Aym. Yet while I live, I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruell Maid. To conclude, let one parting kisse seale my passport to Elifium, and I am gone. +

Maid. Sir, since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next returne.

Aym. In confidence of that happinesse, I will presume to visit you again, and live to be your servant.

A jesting discourse with a Maid. +

Aym. **C**OME, why will you be an enemy to your selfe, and let modesty keep you still in the state of Virginity? I came to offer my service to help you of this trouble.

Maid. You are very kind; but I like my present estate, Maids are happy.

Aym. Alas! poore ignorance, dost thou talk of happinesse? I tell thee, untill thou art married, thou art but a Cypher, and of no count.

Maid. O Sir, You are deceived; our hearts, free from the passion of love, retaine a world of happi-

happines, being exempted from any wanton knowledge; for Maids, dying in their present condition, do all go to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceived, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym. Least it should raise a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it into your eare; you understand.

Maid. *I heare too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a base ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth, I had thought you had bin more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word. ✕

Maid. *Nay, farewell.*

Aym. Pardon me, all I have spoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wise and witty, I will desire you in a faire manner to grant me your love, which I only desire; and though I did appeare rash and wanton, you shall find me worthy of your affections.

To contract privately ones selfe, and tye the knot of Marriage.

Aym. **N**ow our Love hath arrived to a happy conclusion, the stormes raised by your disdain, being blown over, the Union

of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soule can onely discern ; therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the sight of heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my soule to yours, and give away my selfe wholly to be at your disposing, untill the Ceremonies of the Church doe confirm my promise.

Maid. With as true an affection I do give my selfe over into your possession, and freely bestow on you, my love, which shall never know alteration, but remaine ever firme and constant to you, it is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good will, according to your promise; and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee, beare witnesse to our private agreement, and may I never know one day of comfort, when I break my promised vow ; let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a soft kisse seale the obligation of our Loves.

To salute a Friend newly arrived from
a Journey.

Alex. **S**Ir, When first the newes of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was pained with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevent other of your friends, by the first tender of
my

my service : that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs, in true perfect sincerity ; so it might in place obtain priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.

Aym. Sir, You still continue your former noblenesse, making it your chiefe ayme, to exceed others in perfection of mind ; otherwise I had intentions to visit you, but it is your desire and happinesse to overcome others in kindnesse ; For which, I can but returne you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy Friend.

Alex. Sir, You make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption, but it is held, that friends have but one soule in two bodies ; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other halfe of my selfe ; besides, after long absence your company must needs be more precious ; so that I had both Love and Reason on my side, to perswade me to come and visit you.

Aym. Sir, I want words to expresse my mind, or to argue a case in love ; but in my opinion, I ought to have visited you first, in regard I am very much obliged unto you : but to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affaires. I will be bold to enquire, how all our Friends do ?

Alex. Sir, Some of them have undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible strength

strength of mind ; but Heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you , are living, and in health.

Aym. Sir, I am wonderfull glad to heare of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance ; I hope I am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. Sir, Travell hath not wrought much change in you, but I detaine you too long, I feare, from your rest.

Aym. Sir, Were I tired with travell, as I am not, yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex. Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time. I know to tarry longer would be troublesome unto you : but to morrow I will wait on you againe.

To entertain a friend who is come to visit one.

Alex. **S**ir I am most glad to see you, though I have no other entertainment for you but a kind welcome.

Aymwell. Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a visit , and to be happy in your society: for in the generall I doe finde none that can suit my disposition, so well as your selfe.

Alex. Sir, Say what you please of me, I am owed to your service ; and your loving visitation is an addition to your many other kind-
nesses.

Aym.

Aym. Sir, All that I acknowledge, is a will to doe you service; but I have been slow in producing the effects, hereafter I will study to deserve.

Alex. Sir, It is your ingenuous goodnesse, to decline the acknowledgement of your own vertne and deserts, far surpassing my merit; for 'tis I am bound to be your servant.

Aym. Sir, It is I that am obliged to you by many strong ties of affection, from which the service of my life cannot dis-engage me; but I have trespass'd against manners, pray take the chaire.

Alex. Sir, Please you to sit first, for it is an honour for me to wait your leisure.

Aym. Sir, I am provided, but if it may not appeare too much boldnesse, what was the Adamant, or occasion, that made you so kinde, to visit my lodging.

Alex. Sir, Shall I tell you? I came not to borrow money, or to inforce your good nature to grant any motion of request; but only to keep our love & amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by a visit and some conference.

Aym. Sir, You have chosen a bad opportunity, my affaires carry me away from my friends; besides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

Alex. Sir, I will choose some other time to attend you.

Aym. Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know

know the place, and houre, where to meet you.

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym. Pardon me, Sir, I am much obliged to you.

Alex. Sir, I am your servant.

Aym. Sir I am the servant of your servants, pray remember my respects to all my friends.

Alex. Sir, I will be yours in that, and all other services.

To woe a faire young Gentlewoman.

Aymwell. **P**ardon me, Lady, if I presume to speake what I have hitherto, with much affliction, concealed from your knowledge.

There is a gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgement clearly discerned your vertues; the ornaments of your minde; these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spite of his owne reason, or dissuasion of friends, hee is violently compelled to speake truth.

Penel. Sir, Call you this an affliction? 'tis a happinesse to speake and heare truth.

Aymwell. Doe you hold that opinion? Then I will convince you by your owne expressions. For if it be a happinesse to heare truth; then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I doe truly tell you, that I have placed my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly say, I doe love you.

Pen. Sir, I am sorry that you have made me the object of your love, I know your birth and person may deserve one of greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining but your boosome had been free from any flame: let your wisdom then suppress it, lest your love become fruitlesse in the event.

Aym. *I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant; neither can it appeare to you so strange a matter, that I should bee taken with your beautie, which others admire; though it be my fortune onely, to be bolder then the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.*

Penelope. Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertaine hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation: love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of naturall desire; but I finde in my selfe no inclination to entertaine your affection; therefore you must pardon me, if I deny your suite which is not in my power to grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impossible to love; for if you would believe that I beare a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soone overcome this difficulty, and incline your mind to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen.

Pen. Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect; not seeking under a faire and colourable pretence, to betray me; yet I cannot force my selfe to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters; therefore excuse me, till time, and consideration shall enforce me to answer your desire.

Aym. I am comforted, that you have not utterly denyed my sute; I hope at my next visit to receive more encouragement: till then I take my leave, & presume only to breath my heart upon your hand, or if you please your lip, desiring you to remember me in my absence.

When one meeteth a friend in the street.

Alex. **G**od save you, Sir, You are most happily met. How fare you?

Clor. Sir, I am the better to see you well and lusty: why will you not doe me the honour to visit me at my chamber?

Alax. Sir, I must confesse I have often broken promise therein, but businesse would not permit me, otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. I should rather account my selfe obliged to wait on you, for I am bound unto you for many favours; especially for the last courtesie you did me in a matter which concerned me much. Will you now doe me the kindnesse to doe my respects to a Gentlewoman.

Alex.

Alex. Sir, If she be honest, I am ready to goe on your errand, I hope you will not put me on a disgracefull piece of service.

Clor. Sir, I hope you have no such bad suspicion of me, for she is both a faire and vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit : but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.

Alex. Sir, It is you whom Mercury the God of Wit hath adorned with a gentle amorous speech ; but I will speake in your behalfe, in as good moving effectual terms as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, You shall doe me a most perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing servant, and that the power of Love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope she will give it me backe, and til then keep it warm in her owne bosome. But what need I instruct you, who are all Love and Courtship.

Alex. Sir, I will performe your command, though not in such words as you would desire, yet so as my suddaine Genius shall prompt me, but I have heard it said,

That in way of love and glory,

Lovers best tell their owne story.

Clor. Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I doe intrust with this businesse, I am assured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your minde in powerfull manner, especially to Gentlewomen.

Alex

Alc. Sir, It must be my love to you that will inspire me: for I promise you, I will strive to speake my best.

Sir, I am confident in you. and at your return from my Mistris, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of service, and rest, yours obliged.

Clor. Sir, It is but my duty, I am happy to be imployed in any service that concernes you, suppose this done.

*To court a Gentlewoman in the way
of Marriage.*

Eugenius. **M**istris, I doubt not but that you will judge me as rash as bold: but I beseech you by your divine beauty which glistereth in your fair eyes, to excuse my audacity, & to pardon my temerity, which have imboldned me to come and present unto you my most humble and most affectionate service.

Calia. Sir, I am very sorry that I have not the honour to know you: and I marvaile that you will offer service to me, that of all am most unworthy.

Eugen. Mistris, it is the sweetnesse of your naturall goodnesse that causeth you to speake so humbly of your selfe.

Calia. Pardon me Sir, I speak nothing, but what I know to be a most cleare truth.

Eugen.

Eugen. Lady, The singular modesty which I have heard you expresse in your Language, gives me a hope that you will entertain my intentions not as harsh and dissonant, but as agreeable and consonant, and that in time I shall obtaine your grace and favour.

Calia. Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceeded from you, and with such expressions you honour your selfe.

Eugen. Mistris, you are pleased thus to oblige me to a greater estimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and mee more affectionate towards you: I therefore beseech you to believe that my intentions were never otherwise then chaste & vertuous, & that I never had any other end then honesty. Did you think me to have framed some designe prejudicial to your honours. I had rather lose my being than entertaine any such thought: so firme is my resolution for ever to continue your most faithfull and obedient servant, as the effects shall make evident, whensoever your commands shall call upon mee.

Calia. I humbly thanke you Sir, with my best affection, as also for the paines you have taken for one that no way merits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

Eugenius.

Eugenius. Lady, it is I that am so deeply engaged to you, that I am dis-inabled to quit my selfe of the obligation, and therefore (*mon sieur* Mistris) I beseech and conjure you to make use of my service and me, in whatsoeuer you shall judge mee capable to serve you. And in the meane time after a million of recommendations I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you as an Hostage and pledge of my fidelity and constancy.

Calia. Farewell Sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.

Eugenius. I hope to see you againe, and very speedily, where for the present I must leave you.

Calia. Sir, So far as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawfull, you shall always finde the doores open, and also to Gentlemen like your selfe, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability and in that regard you shall not oftner come than be welcome,

Eugenius. Lady, I doe assure you that I now goe to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my selfe into an abyss of melancholick darknesse: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light, and therefore all the time

this sad absence will be so tedious to me, that moments will be houres, the houres dayes, and the dayes will be ages, unlesse it be so that the experience of being in your favour bee my sole consolation, which will arme me with a resolute patience.

Calia. You speake strong lines Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell Sir, till our next meeting.

Eugen. Mistris, You doe wrong to your beauty, and to my love which is faithfull and loyall: but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am, and seeing necessity constraines me to retire from you; I will never retreat from that affection which your faire eyes have darted into my soule. And so Lady adieu till my next re-view, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

To present something to a friend.

Alex. **S**IR, I have alwayes had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you, and therefore I am bold to present unto you this small sacrifice of my love, desiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who does sacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, This is an addition to your many other favours, you are mindfull of me above my

merit, how shall I make you requitall?

A. Sir, Your acceptance is the chiefe aym of my desires; but be pleased to conceive, that true love uses by dumb signes and tokens to expresse it selfe.

A. Sir, Beleeve me, so rich a gift as this hath a most powerfull language; if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed, and have beene above my merits; I must rest beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my selfe farther.

A. Sir, It is your worthinesse that makes it appeare so worthy: but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare in what tyes of observance I am bound unto you: your acceptation gives it more lustre and richnesse than the gift doth deserve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. Sir, I beseech you do not extenuate your owne goodnesse, nor this benefit.

A. Sir, This is but the emblem of my service, which since you are pleased to receive, I returne you many thanks for your kinde acceptance.

A. Sir, it is easie to perswade the receipt of a thing of such value, but I will merit it as the oblation of your love.

A. For that high estimate of yours, I must remain eternally your constant, faithful friend.

A. Sir

A. Sir, I am yours, in all respectfull services to be commanded.

A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in words and deeds, I am all yours.

To entreat a courtesie of a friend.

A. Sir, as necessity hath no law, so it hath no shame, for, contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate Suter unto you.

A. Sir, Name it, it must be something more then I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwayes modest in your requests.

A. Sir, I feare I 'thall give you occasion to report the contrary; I would desire you to lend me your horse, to carry away a little treasure by Moone shine.

A. I doe not well understand you, pray interpret your selfe, and disguise not your meaning.

A. Sir, I would desire you to dispencc with me, in a matter that concernes me neare, I am to beare away the Vsurers daughter, and carry her where she shall remaine private, till stormes be blowne over; Pardon me, that I have no sooner made you acquainted with my purpose.

A. I wil be ready to assist you, & since your fortune may receive addition from any service of mine, my horse, were he the Muses Pegasus, he should be your servant, it is but to carry away a

a piece of live Venison, and that's a mean trespass; Cupid has enough in his Parke.

Aym. Sir, I am glad you are so pleasant, and doe so well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, lest my purpose being known, which was manifest in me to deliver, I should have suffered repulse, and have beene blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A. No, Sir, I doe account it in you, a bravery of minde, that you dare aspire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of Hesperides, watcht by the old Dragon the Usurer: But I would not have you lose time in talke; I will bid the groom prepare my horse ready for your employment.

A. Sir, The whole service of my life cannot requite your kindnesse, for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happiness, as much as in mine owne: Therefore my best Wishes shall bee your good Genius, to wait on you; while my prayers sollicit heaven for your happy successe.

A. Sir, You have exprest your selfe a noble friend; and when this businesse is past, all the study of my life, shall be to shew my thankfulness to you.

Alex. Sir, I wish nothing, but that you may obtaine your desires.

A. Sir, Next my intended purpose, my chiefest glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Upon his absence.

Eugenius. I protest to you my fairest, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection, could have beene so miserable; for I dare sweare to thee by those faire eyes, the stars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatience and sorrowes till I saw you.

Cos. Is it possible Sir? surely I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius. Mistris I beseech you to believe it, if you please, for I assure you that I could no longer endure nor support the violence and troublesome tediousnesse which I endured in the time of your so long absence, the object of my good and sole content being removed.

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you seeme very passionate in your expressions.

Eug. I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, & in the aspect of your rare forme and most excellent beauty.

C. It pleaseth you to tearme it so; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the least glimpse of beauty in her selfe.

Euge-

Eugenius. *Wherein my dearest, should you conceive so of me? I doe assure you with the better part of my soule, that I should bee miserable did I not really speake what my Affections suggest as truth: know Ladie, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live but for you, and to doe you service: but that which troubleth me most is, that of necessity I must absent my selfe from you upon a very urgent occasion, but I beseech you to believe and conceive so of me, that whithersoever I goe, I shall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live but by the Idea of your beautie, with perfect resolution of obeying you, and therefore my sweetest adieu for a while, and for the present have me excused that I cannot enjoy the felicitie of your most desired company but must take my leave so abruptlie.*

C. Sir I infinitely thanke you, and bid you also fare well, wishing you a safe returne.

A merrie, but civill Discourse, between Rowland and Susan sitting up late together.

Row. **I**T is time, Susan, that I should now discover my minde unto you, we have been long servants together, and ever since my first comming, I have borne you good will, which I would desire you
 acc

accept, and grant mee your love.

Susan. For that you must pardon me; for I do not intend to marrie, and therefore let that serve for an excuse, since I would be loath to discourage you, and say I cannot love you.

Row. I hope you will not, for since I first beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Sul. You know affection cannot be compeld, therefore I thank you for the good will which you have hitherto borne me, but as for your love I cannot accept of it.

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Susan. I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my minde to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters, but for me to settle affection where I cannot love, would bee an endlesse miserie: The Bryer and Honey-suckle cannot well agree.

R. Then you compare me to a Bryer, but I will with all humility put up your disdain, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your minde, to receive me into some degree of favour, for I protest, I love you intirely.

Susan. The utmost I can doe for you in requitall of your love, is to give you thanks, and counsell to suppress your desire, and not to proceed any farther in this suit, which at last will become fruitlesse.

Rom. I shall be sorry then : by this kisse which I presume to take, none hath power over me but your selfe, I love you all over, and if you would licence my hand to stray about, how happy should I be?

S. Nay then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire; neither can I stay with you any longer; lest my absence out of my Mistresses Chamber may breed some suspicion.

Rom. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my armes, and if you will get your freedom, you shall yeeld me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shaddows of that substantiall happinesse which you could afford mee.

S. Nay, pray be not rude, nor give mee cause to suspect that your love is dishonest; I had formerly a better opinion of you; but now I am jealous of your good intent.

R. Pardon me, if love have made mee offend in some boysterous actions.

S. Come pray let me be gone, I shall be angry if you hinder me.

Rom. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy desire, but let me prevaile farther with you at our next meeting.

*An Enterchange of Ceremonies at parting
with a friend taking a long journey.*

Sir, I am very sorry that my affaires doe
compell me to take my leave of you, from
whom I have received so many benefits,
which have bound me in many ties ever to
serve you, neither have I any way left to satis-
fie my selfe in requiting your former kindnes-
ses, but to acknowledge them far above my
requitall, and to desire you, that you would
both receive the tender of my humble service,
and command me in something, whereby I
might expresse how much I honour your de-
sert.

Sir, I cannot chuse but grieve that you must
now be divided from us, by a tedious journey; yet
since he loves himself better then his friend, that
will not yeeld to any thing for his good, I am con-
tent in that regard to lose your company a while,
wishing you a prosperous journey; and that in
your absence you would remember me; who will
alwayes in my daily prayers sollicite heaven for
your safe returne, desiring to be excused for your
poore entertainient, which perhaps makes you de-
sirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have
found, was far above my desert, for which I
render you a million of thanks. There remains
nothing now, but that you honour me with
your commands.

Sir, I intreat you make not so great hast to be gone.

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company ; but the wind stands faire for France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since we must dispenſe with your departure, doe us the courtesie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tydings of your safe arrival in France.

Sir, Be assur'd I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other friends, to who I intreat you to commend me, since I cannot take my leave of them all in particular.

Sir, I am glad you will doe me the favour to give me any imployment in your absence, I will performe your desire.

Sir, I can but thanke you, for your love, in bringing me to my Ship, which is a trouble, that you would take upon you, though on my part undeserved.

Sir, I am happy to serve you in any thing, God send you a prosperous voyage.

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arrive in safety, trouble your selfe no farther, since I cannot remaine with you to requite your kindnesse.

Sir, Since you will needs have it so, I will bid you farewell, with all the affection of a constant friend.

To

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. **P**Ray let me prevaile so farre with you,
to intreat your company to dinner.

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thanke you for your
courtesie, but my businesse will not permit
me; therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. Nay good Sir, Let me not be denyed,
I must confesse indeed your cheere will not be wor-
thy of your stay; but you shall be heartily welcome.

Clorin. Sir, I should willingly obey your de-
fire, but I feare to be too bold.

Alex. Sir, You shall be most welcome, you shall
command in my house as in your owne.

Clori. Your offer is so large and courteous,
that I must yeeld to wait on you, for you have
overcome me in ceremony; but you will draw
upon your selfe many inconveniencies.

Alex. Sir, You will find but course fare; but such
as it is, pray esteeme your selfe most heartily wel-
come to, in a reall manner without complement.

Clori. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you
wrong your selfe to excuse your cheare, where
there is so great abundance; that unlesse you
would have provided all the variety that was
in Noah's Arke, I know not how it could be
exceeded.

Alex. It is your favour to commend and accept
of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire
it: if I had been certain of your honouring me
hon

house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment,

Clori. Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldnesse, in putting you to so much trouble, you may perceive that I thinke my selfe welcome by my liberall feeding: I am no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are tooke away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant, and to increase your mirth, I will drink to you a health in wine, in hope you will pledge me.

Clori. Sir, they say there is truth in wine, and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be nere so deep.

Alex. I thank you for doing me this peece of justice: pray see if you can make up a Dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.

Clori. Sir, To decline Ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courtesie.

Ceremonies at sitting down at the Table.

Alex. Gentlemen, Pray yee take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash.

Gent. Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.

Alex.

Alex. In this matter, Ceremonies are need-
lesse; but you will doe nothing without my
example, and therefore I will begin.

Gent. Then in obedience to your desire, we will
wash with you.

Alex. I beseech you Gentlemen, to save me a
labour, and take your places.

Gent. Sir, We expect your sitting down, and af-
terwards, we will not contend much for priority of
place.

Alex. Come, M. Getting, you are my old ac-
quaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by
me.

Gent. By no means, that is not my place, but's a
Gentleman deserves to be seated there.

Alex. Sir, I have designed you this place,
pray let me rule so far.

Gent. Sir, I should be loth to be too trouble-
some, and yet I would not presume before my bet-
ters.

Alex. Sir, You are too full of excuse, you may
yeeld to take your due place, otherwise I
should wrong you.

Gent. Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and
account it your fault, if I transgresse the bounds of
manners, in assuming a place far above my de-
sert, and which is of right belonging to these other
Gentlemen.

Alex. We might have spar'd this ceremony

for

for the appetite loves good dainties, better than Complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespasse on you.

The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex. Sir, I desire you to excuse your meane fare, and slender entertainment, whereunto I have presumed much, to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your own good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society, for your good discourse is to me a feast far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend, Your reall kindnesse hath bin such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will search an opportunity to expresse my gratitude.

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholesome to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's Discourse, you are conversant abroad, what newes doe you heare?

Fr. Pardon me, Sir, the world runs round about me while I stand unmov'd, never marking the motion thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant

norant in Novelties, it may be you heare more.

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affaires, that I can enquire after none, I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend, Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it a fruitlesse imployment, but yet to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh newes, that were not yet in print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.

A. I will not importune you any farther, but desire your Pardon, that I should impose on you the office of an Intelligencer : excuse my intent therin, since what I desired, was to passe away the time while we sit ; but now if you please, we will rise.

Friend Sir, then I must really thanke you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.

To offer service to a young Maid.

A Y M. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.

Maid. It is more than I desire or deserve ; and it would appeare boldnesse in me to accept of a strangers company. For it is not for me to entertain all shewes and offers of kindnesse, I can but thanke you for your good will, I am not far distant from my own home.

Aym. Pray let me beare you company, and by the

the way make me happy in some discourse, resolve me one questiō; Were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to answer one question, with demanding another; yet I will presume to aske you, if you were never in love?*

Aym. Faire one, from thence springs my unhappinesse, I am too forward in these desires, I have beheld many beauties; but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray speake in plaine termes, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I desire you then to know and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not scorne my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me intreat you, to think that Heaven had appointed our strange accidentall meeting, and gave me boldnesse to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. *Sir I know not in this case how to give an answer, that may procure you content, but I desire you to importune me no farther, but grant me time to consider your motion, this is my Fathers house, whither, if please you to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you, howsoever you shall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I lose your presence, which is my chiefest happinesse, let me tell you, that when you goe in, you beare away my heart with you, and I shall only languish in sorrow, till I visit you again.

Maid. Pray Sir, doe not hold me longer in discourse, there are many jealous eyes that doe watch an occasion to expose me to censures, for maintaining with you such unusuall familiarity; Let me intreat you as you tender my credit, to leave me.

A. I must obey you, honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, and returne againe to wait on you who are the substance of my life.

To conferre with a Widdow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. I would intreat you (*faire Widdow*) not to discourage me in my first sute, since your modesty and vertuous carriage in your Husbands life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection; and to cherish a certain hope, that I shall obtaine your good liking.

Widdow. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former Husband was written in a Table-Book, the Letters wherof may be soon wiped out againe; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remaine to informe me that I ought not to wrong him with a second marriage.

Aym.

Aymwell. Nay, Widdow, I must acknowledge you have a faire pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your said Husband, but will you alwayes punish your selfe, and fast from the joye of marriage?

Wid. It's my full resolved purpose, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love; Alas! since his departure, I am dead unto the world, and doe but only live, to sigh, when I remember that I had so good a Husband.

Aym. His goodnesse is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your living active servant; come, come, put off griefe and false imaginations of honoring the dead; for if his soule were capable of any knowledge, concerning earthly matters, it would rejoyce to see you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life time, so he would desire that you might be supplied in the same kind after his death.

Wid. You speake unhappily, but pray be satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and in other matters will remaine ready to requite your love.

Aym. For other matters I am satisfied, but your love is the mark whereat I aime: why should you thus strive to become a virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleasures, which are yet fresh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you doe not well.

to make your selfe so dull of apprehension, I am come to offer service in the right kind, and therefore you are very much too blame, to refuse the tender of my respects.

Widdow, You speak mysteries; but I desire if you love me, shew it in ceasing to prosecute your sute; for I must tell you plainly, it will prove fruitlesse, and of none effect.

Aymwell. I cannot believe but that I shall be more fortunately happy to obtaine your favour; words are not alwayes the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.

Widdow, Perswade your selfe to it, but I shall never give you cause to think so, yet I wil ever respect you, and be ready to doe you any lawfull courtesie.

Aymwell, Well I thank you that I have so far thrived in my sute; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.

Wid. Your hope is built upon a false foundation; and had I knowne your intent, I would not have held discourse so long with you; I must leave your company.

Aymwell, Let me rather take my leave of you, and seale a kisse upon your lips untill I visit you againe; for no mortall Widdow shall discourage me, but I will come againe with the more resolute affections.

To excuse some offence to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwell, I must acknowledge I was somewhat too bold to inforce a kisse from you, in the presence of other friends; but I pray excuse my passion, and let your mercy be shewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Pen. Sir, it was so great atrespasse, and so directly aymed against my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can satisfie for a fault of that nature.

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveness: or if your wrath must not be otherwise satisfied, enioyne me some pennance, as great as your anger, whereby I may recover your lost favour, and make it appeare, how sorry I am for committing so rash an offence.

Penelope. Nay you may enjoy that kisse violently took from me before so many witnesses; but never any more.

Aym. I must confesse it was my rashnesse, but if you will that I repay it backe againe, I will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Penel. Well, since you are so willing to repent, and to shew unfaigned sorrow, I must needs accept of them for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more carefull of my credit, and never againe to make so bold an offer.

Aym.

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, since your words are a Law, which I dare not transgresse: for I am in all things your obsequious servant.

The Lovers farewell.

Leonora. **A** Las! Sir, is this the houre then, when the severe rigour of your absence must eclipse my days of their bright beames? Oh how this sad newes doth fire my spirits! and not without reason, since you (to whom I had wholly consecrated my selfe, will not vouchsafe a mercifull eye on my sufferings for your absence.

Florestan. *Mistris, feare not, but rest assured, that so long as life will give leave to enjoy the Sunnes brightnesse, never shall any other have power over me; doe me onely this favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelity, you will be pleased to render me some reall promises of yours. Besides I protest to you Laay, I will never acknowledge other light then yours, no more then the earth doth any other, then the Sun.*

Leon. Sir, They are no false promises that I have made you, but true assurances, drawne from my heart by the force of my passion.

passion. And know, that all things here beneath shall sooner changetheir naturall inclinations, than in me shall be seen any alteration from the resolution I have made to love you : heaven it selfe be my witness.

Floristan. If *Mistris*, you love mee thus, let your minde bee confident of an equall truth from me ; and should you doubt of my affections, I wil give you my soule for a pledge, and my heart for sacrifice, to shew you that my words are unfaigned, be pleased therefore to accept of this small gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but onely as a sufficient testimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you ; it being a thing so small and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.

Leonra. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall doe beseech you also to receive this in requitall, for a remembrance of mee, which is of a smaller value, but be pleased to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth shall not live but through your sole remembrance.

Flor. Thanks to you sweetest : the gift truly is pleasing to me, but the giver much more.

Leoner. But Sir, is there no means to stay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your presence, which stands me in stead of light and life, therefore your absence will envelope

me with darknesse, and bring upon me (poore soule that I am) a thousand grievous deaths.

Flor. *Mistris*, I hope not so; for I am constrained through necessitie of my businesse to depart hence.

Leon. Oh, I see now too well, that that constancy of yours, which I trusted to, for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vanished, to give present vent to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighes and teares for true and burning testimonies of the sorrow I have to see my selfe about to bee forsaken by him by whom onely I breath.

Flor. *Mistris*, I sweare to you, my heart is like touch'd with such strokes for this our parting, that I can hardlye breath for grieve of it, and alreadye see I have lost my selfe, in the losse of the sight of your Star-like beantie. For I am sure, that once absent from your luminous aspect; each pleasure will be to me a subject of grief and sorrow. However, since it will now be no otherwise, I shall so part with you, as that my life shall ever bee at your service. And so farewell, deare *Mistris*, live still happy and content, whilst I languish unfortunate, though constant: let not then my remotenesse alter your mind, more than it shall shake the resolution I have long since made to live and dye yours; as for mine own part, I shall not thinke my selfe absent from you, so long

as I am lodged in your heart and memorie.

Leon. Farewell, *Sir*, you possesse my soul, and I doe even leave it in your power, conserve it for a more happy season than this of parting : & in the meane space have pittie of all the bloudy griefs, which the meere apprehension of your absence makes mee already feel so vehemently, for I think it very strange to leave you, whose company is dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this discourse ; I doe beseech you, *Sir*, and let me conjure you, by the sweetnesse of that love I have borne you, and will all my life long devote to you, in respect of my cruell feares, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your absence: for in reading of your Letters, I shall perswade my selfe that I am not wholly deprived of you, or lost to your memory.

F. I vow to you, *Mistris*, I will give you many Letters for confirmation of my loyaltie, and the love I beare you, that you shall have no cause to distrust. And so I beseech heaven to make you the happiest alive ; even as the Divine Creator hath made you the fairest and most accomplished ; that he also make you so pittifull, to receive me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continuallie to witnesse, how violent my affections are towards you.

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithfull

to me, as I am to you : and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease to remember you of the force and heat of my affection, but not intreat you to pittie my martyrdom ; and that wheresoever you are, be mindfull of mee. And so once more I entreat the Deities, to grant you such prosperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

F. Rest assured, sweet Mistris, to be beloved of me, though not equall to your merit, to which might it is impossible my affection should raise it self.



A Discourse betwixt Mounseieur Devicc,, and his humorous Ladie upon the Fancies of the Ribbons he wore in his Hat.

Monsr. **L**ady the pleasures of this sweet morning attend you.

Ladie. As pleasant hours I wish to you : but why so like a fore-horse Sir : what mean those Hieroglyphicks on your Bever, those Ribbons of variety of colours.

M. They are severall fancies Lady, which I decypher to you : here is an azure and a

Peach; Azure is constant, the Peach is love, which signifies my constant love. Yesterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Isabella: Folimot is withered, Gredeline is absent, and Isabella is beauty, which put together, expresse, that I wither and languish for your absent beauty.

Lady. But is there any reason for these distinctions.

Moun. O yes: for example, your Folimot is a withered leaf: which doth moralize decay: your yellow is——

L. I will informe you Sir of that colour by sad experience: tis jealous.

M. You are mistaken Lady, it is your Lemon colour that is jealous, a pale kinde of yellow: your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk-white is innocence, your Black is mourning, your Orange is Martially, a most orient colour in Heraldrie, your Flesh color is lascivious, your Maiden-blush is envyed, your red is defiance, your Gold is avaritious, your Straw is plenty, your Green is hope, your grasie-Green is youth, your sea-Green is inconstant, your Violet Religious, and your Willough forsaken.

L. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in Mounseur, you are so exquisitely fantastical that you cannot but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

M.

Moun. You are your selfe all wonder, these are but Ensignes of that beauty your servant fights under.

L. The heavens smile upon you, farewell, and be victorious.

M. Your humblest servant, and most constant Martyr.

The Gentleman. Ushers Grammar.

First, he must be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledge and place: for the hand and for the wall.

Secondly, he must be most neat in his clothes, from head to foot: neat in his Office, in his garbe, in his pace, in his comming off, in his comming on.

Thirdly, he must have a most artificiall memory to relate how his Lady and other Ladies doe: how they slept, how their Physick wrought, how many visits they have had, with other circumstances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving, and marshalling of Dishes, performances, which require his most gracefull demeanours.

Fifthly, he must be verst in his severall postures and congees: more particularly he is to observe how to hand his Lady, to arme his Lady, to side his Lady, to draw out his Lady,

to present his Lady, to shoulder his Lady, which is when she takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is when she alights.

Lastly, he is to be furnish'd with his Spanish shrugs, his French smirks and faces: all which he is most methodically to set off with his refined Language and resplendent habit: thus prepared and instructed, through his diligent and obedient attendance he may quickly start up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman-Vther for the temper, or stateliest carriage of any of the Strand, or Covent-garden Ladies.



The Love-sick Picture Drawer.

O R

The Perfections of ever to be admired Clarinda, represented and Limned forth by her servant, as with his youthfull eyes he admired and sharpest sarcies delineated her super-excellent features.

On her Face.

HER face is Loves Coppy to read his wonders on.

She cannot put her face in such a forme, but I must like it.

Her lively face disdaines all Adulterous Arts.

A perpetuall spring of beauty dwels in that
face of hers.

Fairer then *Cloris* in all her pride.

Her face vailed with a Robe of darknesse,
shines clearer through it, than the eye of the
Day.

The fairest ever Nature made for wonder,
To stay whom, but to look upon her face
is for to live.

Whose looks would force the warring E-
lements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton
Flames.

The behaviour of whose beauty, is like a
singular Musitian to a sweet Instrument.

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the
white Lillies and blushing Roses of her
cheekes.

Her face refresheth my sight like to the
glosse of Emeralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a
reflection of her faire and more radiant face.

Clarinda's face when it shines forth, expels
the night more then a thousand stars.

On her Haire.

In those shining Curles *Cupid* is taken
prisoner.

Her haire, those golden Ensignes, those
snares of love.

On her Brow.

She hath a lofty Brow, where love doth sit
in triumph.

Her Brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia*.

On her Forehead.

Her Forehead full of Majesty and statelines.

On her Eyes.

Her Eyes shedding a Firmament of light.
Her Dove-like Eyes.

Her wounding Eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quicknesse.

Her Eyes those surfeits of delight.

Shee cannot close her Eyes, but the sad
world's benighted.

Her Eyes the spheares of Love, and Load-
stones of affection.

Liquorous rolling Eyes.

On her Smiles.

I am blessed with her immortall smiles.

On her Lips.

Life-breathing Lips.

Her Lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her Cherry-Lips.

Such a lip the morning gathers blushes from.

A thousand *Cupid's* call me to taste her lips.

Those lips would thaw a man into a spring,
though he were more frozen then the Alpes.

To rise to her Lips at first, is too great an
honour.

Cupia

Cupid hanging downe his wings doth fit
comparing Cherries with her Lips.

Permitted to make an impression, or dimpled
print on my *Clarinda's* Lips.

Her Lip's *Adonis* Garden, where hee that
gathers flowers, may gather Will.

To suck her heart out at her Lips.

Her Lips are Rubies of an infinite value.

For to taste those Lips one would forsake
Cassia or Violets.

Her Lip's Loves sweet Altar, wher the heart
is offered for a continuall sacrifice.

On her Kisses.

The unreprieved kisses of chaste *Clarinda*.

A kisse from her would warme the coldest
bloud.

By the Law of Armes, fairest *Clarinda*, I
may demand a kisse.

To take a wanton kisse on Loves fair Lips.

On her Cheeks.

Her Cheeks shine like sparkling stones.

Her Cheeks are like to Punick Apples.

Her Cheeks are spread with Spices, and
Flowers.

Her Cheeks of a pure Carnation, inameled
with white.

Her Cheeks kindle my blowne appetite, never
to expire.

The bloud in her Cheeks looks like the
blushing

blushing *Sabin* Maides surprised.

On her breath.

Her breath doth scent of Amber.

Her mother fed on Roses when she bred her:
her breath is all perfumes.

Her breath dissolves one, and he that tastes
it, is pleased as with sweet Violets.

Her breath is like to the western wind,
when it glads *Arabia*, and breathes *Guammas*
and Spices.

On her Voyce.

Her Voyce adorned with gracefull accents.
Her voyce above the aires of chirping birds.
The well-tuned harmony of her pleasant
voyce.

On her Language and Discourse.

She knowes no Barbarisme in her Expressions.

Her beauty set forth with such sweet Language
cannot want an advocate.

Of a most discreet Discourse, rich in Language.

Powerfull of speech and behaviour.

On her Neck.

Her neck is polish't Ivory, and white as the
silver Dove.

On her Breasts.

Her Breasts are a paire of Maiden, uncon-
quered worlds.

Her

Her breasts are the soft pillowes of Love.
Her breasts are twins where Lillies grow.
Living Springs flow from her Breasts.

Her Breasts, two Ivory Balls of lasting pleasure.

Betwixt the amorous beds of her two swelling breasts, Love summes his pleasures.

Her breasts as soft and tender as the Pelicans.

Her breasts are *Ledaes* twins, interchangeably imbracing one another.

Upon her Hand and Fingers.

A small Spider-finger'd Lasse.

Her slender delicate hand the wondring eye invites.

Her Lilly hand lay under her roffe Cheeke, cozening the wanton Pillow of a kisse.

Her fingers tipt with Ivory.

On her Armes.

Who can doe otherwise then imagine that those faire branches of my *Clarinda's* Armes were made to take the great men of the world her Prisoners.

A girle of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her Belly.

Art Ivory rising hill

Her Lap is *Elisium*.

Her Navell the scale of loves impression.

The valley of affection is not far from her

Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my selfe.

On her Wombe.

Her Wombe the Mansion of *Cupid*, and Summer-houle of pleasure.

Her Wombe, that wanton dwelling house of Love.

On her Waste.

Her Waste as slender as a Wand.

About her waste *Joves* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her Thighes.

Her Thighes are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthfull Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her Veines.

Her Veines swelling in blew branches.

The Skye hath so much blue as from her Veines.

On her Legs and feet.

Her Legges as stately and firme as Marble Pillars.

Her feet active, nimble, and beautifull.

On her Chamber and bed.

Her adorned Chamber, and bed perfumed, with bruised Spices, Fruits, and odoriferous Flowers.

Her Chamber for sweetnes: envying the flowring Spring.

Her

Her Chamber needs no other Sun than her
owne beautifull beames to shine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of Iests.

On Clarinda's Looking-Glasse.

Her smiling-glasse is an antidote against the
Sithe of time.

Shee needs not look into that mirrour, for
every thing becomes her exactly well,
into which whosoever lookes, they doe
but read over againe the *Sintaxis* of her beauty.

*Farther Observations, Expressions, and Conclu-
sions upon the flames of Love, and Captivity
of the servants of Venus, and her
blinde Son, with some Rules
and Remedies.*

OV T upon this Love, what Apes, Dogs
and Cats it makes men look like? How
heavy, and dull ey'd a Lovers Mistris sits
like *Phæbe* shadowed to him in a dull fable
Cloud?

Love a faire Lady: but love her so, that ye
may finde roome for a fresh beauty.

A Lover that with his his protestations, and
tedious Complements wasts his Lungs.

A Lovers loyall death argues the Inconstan-
cy of his Mistris.

A Lover that disperfes his foule in fighes
his teareswolne bigger then his eyes.

A Lover that diffills his thoughts into his
Miftresses eares.

One endeared to his Miftresses eyes.

One endeared to his Miftresses beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his fleepe, and
when he walkes forth, acquaint every Grove
with his tell-tale love, then fits crosse-armed,
hangs his head over a Chryftall Brooke, and
weeps till it fwells to an Ocean.

The soft and fimple war of Lovers.

A fellow that will praise the hand and foot,
and fay the face is Angellicall; lye and difsem-
le moft groffely.

Drunk with the devifes, and Love-fick
glances of women.

One that will gallop on in prayfes of his
Miftrefs, and be a professed *Homer*, of women.

Coriden, courted *Phillis* with a faint kiffe,

No better could the filly Swains than this.

What would *Heracles* with his five Miftref-
fes have said to a *Platonick* love-fick Heretick.

By the power of Love all things were made,
and are ftill continued.

Love was bred in the deare bofome of
men.

Love, that divine quintiffence, that findes
ch a fympathy in beauty.

Lust

Lust doth but usurpe the name of Love; for Love it self is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Lawes, that divorces our sence from our reason, and makes a tempest in the soule.

Love is a sparke of pleasure, kindled by vain desire.

Love is a fiery Frost.

Love, though blind, beholds beauty; and though naked, feels no cold.

Cupids Barke will sayle with every wind.

Love keeps his revels, when we are but two.

Reason retires, when Love and Pleasure enters.

Vnlawfull meanes doe make Love lawfull.

Love is most true, when he doth most faigne.

Shew Passion in thy Looks, entertaine not any in thy breast.

Questions with their Answers, resolving
the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is Love?*

Ans. It is the receptacle of pensive minds, a passion that binds the spirits.

Q. *What is the greatest recompence a woman can make a man?*

A. To reveale to him her secrets, and make him Lord over her body.

Q. *How*

Q. How must a man behave himselfe among Ladies?

A. He must be bold and hardy.

Q. Why is Love painted blind?

A. Because the actions of Love cannot be hid or dissembled.

Q. Why be the secrets of Love so easily kept?

A. For the great sweetnesse men find in them.

Q. Who is most secret in the sports of Love?

A. Women, since it so nearly touches their modesty.

Q. What is the meat of perfect Lovers?

A. Sighs and teares.

Q. Why have old men the repulse of young women?

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their griefe.

Q. Why doe Lovers wax pale?

A. From the passions of the mind.

Q. Why doe they picture Cupid with wings?

A. Because the desires of Lovers doe tend alwayes to high things.

Q. Why doe Lovers write amorous Sonnets one to another in Rime?

A. Because Poetry is the friend of Love.

Qu. Why doe women love them most dearly that had their maiden-heads?

A. Because by the conjunction of the man they gaine perfection.

Q. Why

Q. Wherefore are amorous women more ticklish than others?

A. Because their skins are more loose, soft and delicate.

Q. How cometh it to passe, that women newly married, the first night are so loth to goe to bed, and rise the next day so lusty and joyfull?

A. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which they having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. Why doe men kisse the eyes of them they affect?

A. Because they were the first beginners of Love.

Q. Why doe many love fervently, yet are not beloved againe?

A. By reason their complexions cannot agree.

Q. Why should we not place our loves on those that be so young?

A. Because they are so inconstant, and ever more curious of new servants.

Q. How comes it that he that is soone taken with love doth soone forget it?

A. He is like one who rides a galop, and by and by waxeth weary.

Q. Why doe men say that Love is a perfect Murtherer?

A. Be

A. Because he turneth the spirits that before had no agreement.

Q. What is the greatest pleasure that a true lover can feele?

A. To thinke that he is borne to serve and please his Lady.

Q. Wherfore be all things more disposed to love in the spring time, than in any other seasons?

A. Because then the humours doe move themselves, and the bloud doth wax hot.

Q. Wherfore are the Angers of Lovers, of so little continuance?

A. Because they fall out for trifles.

Q. Wherfore doe the Ancients paint Love with flowers in one hand, and a fish in the other?

A. To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Qu. Why are men rather Amorous then women.

A. Because they are of hotter complexions, and their spirits are more quicke and prompt.

Q. Wherfore be all the joyes of lovers uncertaine?

A. Because in love are divers casualties, jealousy, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Q. Why is it that secret love is more burning than that which is discovered?

A. Because in the one a fire doth consume, but in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q. Whi-

Q. Whether is more constant in love, the man or the woman?

A. The man, being both of body and spirit more firme.

Q. Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?

A. Out of the feare they have to displease their Ladies.

Q. Wherefore is it, that a man being touched with love, cannot rid himself of that passion by any dexterity?

A. Because a certaine sweet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, & with a certain admiration winds him into the nets of Love.

Q. Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to weep?

A. Because by nature they are fearfull, suspicious, jealous, and alwayes troubled.

Q. Why be women so prone to yeeld to Love?

A. Because nature hath endued them with a delicate touch, with complexions hot and moist, things most requisit for the recreations of Venus.

Q. What doe Lovers chiefly delight in?

A. Tranquillity and abundance, Revels and Banquets, Masques and Playes, soft Beds, and pleasant Dreames.

Com-

Complementall and Amorous Poems.

Encomiums on the Beauty of his Mistrisse.

FAirer than *Isaacks* Lover at the Well;
 Brighter than inside Barks of new hewen Cedar;
 Sweeter than flames of fire perfum'd with Myrrhe,
 And comlier than the silver Clouds, that dance
 On Zephyres wings, before the King of Heaven:
 'Tis she doth teach those Torches to burne bright:
 It seemes she hangs upon the cheek of night,
 As a rich jewell in the Ethiopes eare;
 Beauty too rich for use, for Love more deare:
 So doth a snowy Dove, trooping with Crows,
 As this my Mistris, ore her fellowes shoves.
 Since her whole bodyes frame hath pow'r to have moved,
 The chaste *Hippolitus* for to have loved.
 In summe, her parts are white as Milke,
 As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as Silke,
 O who can her perfections tell,
 In whom alone all graces dwell.

On her Haire.

Her haire's reflex with red strakes paint the sky's,
 Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes.
 Whil'st that those golden threads play with her breath,
 Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death.

On her Lockes.

Her Lockes being platted like a fleece of Wooll,
 Are full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her Fore-head.

Her stately front was figur'd from above,
 Majestick, faire, well polisht, high and pale,

Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her Face.

Her Face like *Cynthia's*, when in the full she shineth,
And blushing to her Love mates bowers inclineth.
Such brightnesse hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun-shine in a shady place.

On the colour of her Face.

Such colour hath her Face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

On her Eye-browes and Cheekes.

Each Eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skyes,
On either Cheeke, a Rose and Lilly lies.

Another on her Eye-browes and Breath.

Her bright Browes drive the Sun to Clouds beneath,
Sweet Morne and Evening dew falls from her breath.

On her Eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly Lids,
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On her Eyes.

Her Eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty sparkes, where *Cupid* chafly hides,
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others, yet they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her Smile.

Her smiles so sweet and nice,
On Earth doe make a heavenly Paradise.

On her Cheekes.

Her Cheekes like ripened Lillies steep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another on the same.

Her Cheekes with kindly Claret spred,
Aurora like, new out of bed.

On

On her nose and breath.

Her nose is strait, and of a stately frame,
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

On her Chin.

Her Christall chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves Pavillion, and the boyes delight.

On her Eares.

On these Meanders, if you gaze,
You soon will tread a Lovers maze.

On her Lips.

Her Lips like Roses over-washt with Dew,
Doe by their breath her beauties still renew.

On her Lips and Neck:

Her Lips more red than Corall stone,
Her Neck's more white than aged Swans that moane.
O who those ruddy Lips can misse,
Which blessed still themselves doe kisse.

On her Mouth.

Sweet Mouth that sendest a musick rosi'd breath,
Whose every word darts me a living death.

On her Mouth and Teeth.

Within the compasse of this hollow sweet,
Those orient ranks of silver Pearles doe meet.

On her Breath.

She breaths forth flowers, she makes the Spring,
Perfumes the ayre, and comforts every thing.

On her Tongue and words.

Her words doe fall like summer-dewes on me,
Her tongue strikes musicks sweetest harmony.

On her Teeth.

Her Lips ne're part but that they shew,
Of precious Pearle a double row.

On her Speech.

In all her words such vertues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philosophy.

On her Voyce.

A Voyce which doth the Thrushes shrillnesse staine,
And makes declining nature young againe.

On her Neck.

Her neck is like an Ivory shining Tower,
Or like delight, that doth it selfe devoure.

On her Shoulders.

These parching squares with silver skin,
Doe passe the hate spot Erimaline.

On her Armes.

Her twin-like armes, that stainlesse paire,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On her Hands.

Her azured veines doe use to stray,
With pretty Cupids every way:
Moyst Pearle, warme snow, smooth Ivory,
Within these strange compacts doe lie.

On her Fingers.

Long, small, & fit for Orpheus Lute,
Which made the savage Tygers mute,

On her Actions.

Her deeds are like great clusters of ripe Grapes.
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine,
Offering to fill into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.

On her Breasts.

Her Breasts those Ivory Globes circled with blew,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her Paps.

Her Paps like two faire Apples in their prime,
From those blest sweets love sucks his summer time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindfull breast perfumes with Frankincense,
And sweetest Odours every fainting sense.

On her waste and ribs.

Firly so named, since it doth waste

Mens lives, untill it be embrac'd :

Her ribs with white all armed be,

Compact with curious symmetric.

On her Skin, and Flesh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new prest,

And snowie flesh is soft as wooll new drest.

On her Navell.

Her love delights the wandring thought,

Whilst that mine eyes astray are brought :

Since Nature here would faine unite,

In curious circles busie fight.

On her Belly.

Most beauteous seale of Virgins wax,

Pitty 'tis still the impression lacks ;

This place my sence with joy doth fill,

Since 'tis intitled *Cupids* hill :

From hence a seemly passage there doth flow,

To stranger pleasures that are plac'd below.

On her wombe.

Her maiden womb the dwelling house of pleasure,

O blest is he may search that secret treasure.

On her Thighes.

These are the subjects that doe fit,

The Genius of an *Ovids* wit ;

Whose hanches smooth as is the glasse,

Our Albion clifles in whitencesse passe.

On her Knees.

These knots of joy, and gems of love:

With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her legs.

Marke well how faire the flesh doth rise

In her brate calves like Chrifall skies.

On the small of her Legs.

View but her *Atlas* smallest small,

More white than whitest bone of all.

On her Feet.

Her feet so short and slender little round,
On earth a finer paire cannot be found.

The Conclusion.

Thus every part imparts a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

Loves moneth.

May is not loves moneth, May is full of flowers.
But dropping April, love, is full of showers.

Definition of Love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a Hell,
Where pleasure, paine, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrayes poor lovers.

The parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grieve it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart,
And lovers say the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bar'd the assistance of the tongue.

The constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs & weeps, and all but in one breath.

The quality of Love.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

What Love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of dreams.
That waking breakes, and fills us with extreams.

Lovers delight to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their loves, if needs they must have one.

Vowes of Lovers.

We know not how to love, till love unblind us,
Vowes made ignorantly can never binde us.

Impossibility of concealing Love.

The sight of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
 And love that is conceal'd betrayes poor lovers,
On one sick with love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
 Great are the caxes of those that are love-sick.

The errors of Lovers.

All men doe erre, because that men they be,
 And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What love is.

Love is a subtile influence,
 Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments, disputing still,
 For sence 'gainst reason with a sencelesse will.

What Love is.

Love is a blinded god, an angry Boy,
 A slave to beauties will, a witlesse toy;
 A ravening bird: a tyrant most unjust,
 A private hell, a very sea in lust.

Another definitron of Love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,
 A breach of Reasons Law, a secret thiefe,
 A living death, an ever-dying life,
 A Sea of teares, an everlasting strife:
 A bait for fooles, a scourge of noble wits,
 A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

The effects of Love.

This is the least effects of *Cupids* dart,
 To change the minde by wounding of the heart:

Cruelty of Love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
 But deafe and cruell where he meanes to prey.

The paining of Lovers.

Love goes to love as Schoole boyes from their bookes,
 But love from love, toward Schoole with heavy lookes.

A Maxime of love.

Tis folly by our wisest worldlings proved,
If not to gaine thy love, to be beloved.

The constancy of lovers.

Once learne to love, the lesson is most plaine,
And being learnt, is never lost againe.

The force of love.

Were beautie under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, & picks them all at last.

Of Musick and love.

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No Musick's kindly without love.

Love findes an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They seldome faile to finde an opportunity,

Offers of love not to be refused.

Occasion's winged, and ever flieth fast,
Commung the smiles, and frowns once being past.

Patience of lovers.

One may endure: for when the paine is past,
Reward though long it stay, yet comes at last.

Sorrowes of lovers.

Sighes are the ease calamity affords,
VWhich serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.

On the Teares of lovers.

In sighes the Lover speaks his secret pains,
Teares are his Oratory, words doe make him tremble,
Yet womens teares fall when they most dissemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Attourney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate of his sute.

Of true and false love.

True love's a Saint, so shall you true love know,
False love's a Seithian, yet a Saint in shew.

The perseverance of a lover.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can feare sinking where such treasure lyes?

The beginnings of Love.

Faire beautie is the sparke of hot desire,
And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

On lust.

Lust makes oblivion, beateth reason back,
Forgetteth shames pure blush and honors wrack.

On virginity.

The ripest Corne dyes, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is lost too earlie kept.

A cruell Mistress.

Nothing so ill becomes the faire,
As crueltie which yeelds unto no prayer.

On Coynesse.

A way-ward beautie doth not fancie move,
A frowne forbids, a smile engendreth love.

Another.

Faire words and power attractive beautie,
Brings men to wanton in subjective dutie.

On jealousie.

Where jealousie in basest minds doe dwell,
Tis metall *Vulcan's* Cyclops sent from hell.

On pleasures.

Something must still be left to cheere our sinne,
And give a touch of what should not have bin.
To those that know but pleasures price,
All's one, a prison, or a Paradise.

On chastity.

The unstained vaile, which Innocents adorne,
The ungathered rose defended with the thorne.

Another on the same.

Penelope in spending chaste her dayes,
As worthie as *Ulysses* was of praise.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phaëbus* sons resort,
Where shines their father, but in loves great court?

On her delaying marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy,
Delaie breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

On Desires.

What can be said, that Lovers cannot say,
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

On mis-fortunes.

The man that still amidst mis-fortune stands,
Is sorrowes slave, and bound in lasting bands.

On Fate.

They fall which trust to Fortunes fickle wheele,
But stayd by vertue, men shall never reele.

On disdaine.

In high disdaine love is a base desire.
And *Cupids* flames doe seem but watrie fire.

On the power of teares.

Teares tie the tongue of an excusers grudge,
And softs the rigour of the sternest judge.

On Musick.

Musick can hardly solace humane cares,
When strings are broke, & eys are filld with tears.

On continued grieve.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight, when they prepare,
And think of wives states then, when wives they are.

On pleasures and griefes.

Pleasures, like posting guests, make but small stay,
Where griefes bide long, and leave a score to pay.

On Youth.

Youth learnes to change the course that he hath run,
When he perceives and knowes what age hath done.

On a modest faire one.

Beautie's a beggar, fie, it is too bad,
 When in it selfe sufficiency is had:
 It was not made to please the wondring eye,
 But an attire to adorne sweet modesty:
 If modesty and women once doe sever,
 Farewell our fame, farewell our name for ever.

On his will.

It lyes not in my power to love or hate,
 For Will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the losse of Virginity.

Jewels being lost, we find again, this never:
 'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and beasts be cruell in their kinds:
 But Women meeke, and have relenting mindes.

On Coy-Dames.

Hate and disdain is painted in their eyes,
 Deceit and Treason in their bosome lyes.

Inconstancy of women.

They melt with words as Wax against the Sun,
 So weak are many Womens modesties:
 That what sometimes they most would seeme to shield,
 Another time poore soules unaskt they yeeld.

Another on the same.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
 They will, they will not, Hell is in their smile.

On Lust.

Lust never takes a joy in what is due,
 But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden strings faire women are,
 Which lying long untoucht, will harshly jar.

Modesty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their sterne looks,
 Poore Womens faces are their own fault books.

On a womans Teares.

A Womans Teares are falling Stars at night,
No sooner seene, but quickly out of sight.

A constant woman.

Constant in Love, who tryes a Womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

On the Passions of a woman.

A Womans passions doth the fire resemble,
Never a like, they sin if they dissemble.

On the fading of Beauty.

The fairest dowers of Beauty fades away,
Like the fresh Lilly in the Sun-shine day.

Another on the same.

Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of Beauty.

The Lybian Lyons lose their sternest might,
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers Beauty.

It is a common rule, that Women never
Love beauty in their Sexe, but envy it ever.

On a Beauty cloistred up.

Things much retain'd, do make us most desire them,
And beauties seldome seen, make us admire them.

On Beauty in meane attire.

It is decreed, that features shall content,
And that true Beauty needs no Ornament.

On Beauties not enjoy'd.

Never were Cheeks of Roses, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

In vaine our friends from this doe us dehorte,
For Beauty will be where is most resort.

Beauties not to be confin'd.

Heaven made Beauty like her selfe to view,
Not to be lockt up in a smoky mew,

A Rosie tainted feature is Heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

On the excellency and power of Beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man, that else would be a beast.

The effects of Beauty.

Beauty in Heaven and Earth this grace doth win ;
It supplies rigor, and it lessens fin,

To his coy Bride on the Bridall Night.

Why art thou coy, my *Leda* ? art not mine ?
Hath not the holy *Himenean* twine,
Power to contract our Natures ? Must I be
Still interposed with needlesse modesty ?
What though my former passions, made me vow
You were an Angell, Be A mortall now,
The Bride-maids all are vanisht, and the crue
Of Virgin Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our selves, as loth to be
Injurious to our loving-privacie.
Come then, undresse, why blush you ? prethee smile ;
Faith, I'll dis-robe you nay, I will not spoile
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget ; Her's a pin
Pricks your faire *Leda*, 'twere a cruell thing,
Not to remove it. Oh ! how many gates
Are to *Elizium*, yet the sweetest straites
That ere made Voyage happy, heer's a Lace,
Me thinks should suffice you, it doth embrace
Your body too severely, take a knife ;
'Tis tedious to undoe it, by my life
It shall be cut, your Carnation gowne
Shall be pull'd off : Come, I must needs pull downe
This Rosie Peridoreate, why should this Clowd
Keep that light from me that is now allow'd
I am priviledg'd appeare to me in white ;
'Tis like my innocent ayme, what meanes this Light ?
Thou shalt be *Eve* in the Garden, We are alone,

Come let's to bed, why looke you so, heres none
 Sees you, but I, be quicke, by this hand
 I'll lay you downe my selfe in faith you stand
 Too long i'th cold, why doe you lye so farre,
 I'll follow you, distance shall never barre
 My armes from your embraces, so tis well, and now
 I'll let thy Virgin purity know how
 Kings propagate young Princes, Marriage beds
 Never destroy, except be Maiden-heads.
 Faire Virgins fairely wedded, doe repaire
 Declining Beauty in a prosperous heire.
 Come then, let us kisse, let us embrace each other,
 Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
 Such a waste breast, a belly, such a why —
 Doe you remove still further, if thus you vye,
 You'll make me strive, I thinke you know
 I have a warrant for what I am to doe,
 And can commit no trespasse, therefore come,
 And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

To his Mistresse.

I love, because it comes to me by kind,
 And much, because it much delights my mind:
 And thee, because thou art within my heart:
 And thee alone, because of thy desert.

A clownish Courtship.

Excellent Mistresse, brighter then the Moone,
 Then scowred Pewter, or the silver Spooone;
 Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the Morning Starre,
 Dainty fine Mistresse, by my troth you are:
 Thine eyes like Diamonds shine most clearly,
 As I am an honest man I love thee most dearly.

Loves prime.

Deare Love doe not your beauty wrong,
 With thinking still you are too yong,
 The Rosie Lilly on your cheek
 Doth flourish, and a ripening secke:

Those flaming beames shot from your eye,
 Doe shew Loves Mid-summer is high :
 Your Ivory Lips, red, soft and sweet,
 Proclaime those joyes Lovers doe meet ;
 Then lose no time, for Love hath wings,
 And flies away from aged things.

On an incomparable kisse.

Give me a kisse from those sweet Lips of thine,
 And make it double by enjoying mine,
 Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
 And let the first kisse be, the seconds brother ;
 Give me a thousand kisses, and yet more,
 And then repeate those that have gone before.
 Let us begin whil' st day-light springs in heaven,
 And kisse till the Meridian's masqued with the Even ;
 And when that modest Secretary Night,
 Discovers all, but thy Heaven flaming bright.
 We will begin revels of hidden Love,
 In that sweet Orbe, where silent pleasures move,
 In high new straines, of unspeakable delight,
 Wee'l spend the dul houres of the drowlie night.
 Were the bright day no more to visit us,
 In spite of darknesse I would view thee thus,
 And still intwine thee thus, as void of feare.
 As the first Lovers in the Garden were
 Residing 'twixt those breasts that are so white,
 Where I shall know an innocent delight,
 Embracing still, for time runs on before,
 And being spent, we shall embrace no more.

A vow to his inestimable Mistresse.

By those two Rosie blushes, that did move
 Your dainty Cheeks, when I first receiv'd my Love,
 By those fore-running sighes, whose gentle calmes
 Perfumed the aire, sweet as the Indian Balmes.
 By those two Ruby Portals, that disclose
 Two Hemisphaeres of Pearle, contriv'd to pose

The yet amazed beholder, by your eyes
Brighter to me, then *Titan* when he flies
Over Arabian Mountaines, e're his heate
Doth cause the tyring rurall *Negro* sweat
Vnder his pressing burthen, by your haire,
Which pardon sweetest, if I tearme a snare
To catch a *Cupid* in, next by those breasts
Moist bankes of Lillyes your Lover thus protests
With registred vowes of Love seal'd in this kisse
Of truth and zeale, that Dieties want such blisse.

To his Mistress.

When first I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play
The gentle theefe, and stol'st my heart away.
Render me mine againe, or leave thine owne,
Two are too much for thee, since I have none;
But if thou wilt not, I will sweare thou art
A sweet fac'd creature, with a double heart.

To his Mistresse on the frailty of Beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will faile;
Beauty's sweet, but beautyes fraile;
It sooner fades, 'tis sooner done,
Then Summers raine, or Winters Sun;
Most fleeting whil't it is most cleare,
'Tis gone whil't you but say 'tis here.
That time will follow, when thy cheek, chin, nose,
Shall be deflour'd of the Lilly, and the Rose,
And what will then become of all;
Those which you now your servants call,
Like Swallowes, when the Summer's done,
They'le fly unto some warmer Sun,
Then seeke amongst the multitude
Of Lovers, that dare to intrude
Into your favours: One that may
Love for an Age, and not a Day:

One that will quench your youthfull fire,
And feed in Age your hot desire.

To his Mistresse.

Aske me no more, whether doth stray
The golden Attomes of the day ;
For in pure Love ye Heavens prepare
Such powders to enrich your haire.

Aske me no more, whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past :
For in thy sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keeps warme her nose.

Aske me no more, where Love bestowes,
When June is past the fading Rose :
For in thy beauries orient deep,
All flowers, as in their causes sleep.

Aske me no more, where those Stars light,
That downwards shoor in dead of night :
For in thine eyes they set, and there
Fixed become, as in their Sphere.

Aske me no more of East or West,
The Phenix builds, her spicy nest :
For unto thee at last she flies,
And in thy fragrant bosome dyes.

An invective against women.

Oh heavenly pow'rs ! why did you bring to light,
A thing called woman, natures oversight ;
That slave-borne tyrant, shop of immunity ;
That gilded Weather-cock, trunk of misery.
Why, what is woman ? She is such a creature
As nature seeming to adorne her feature,
Forgot to make her honest ; This is she

The

That first pluckt from the forbidden Tree,
From which she then began to fall
From bad to worst, from worst to worst of all,
And therefore thus I will define a woman :
To be a speculative thing, that's good for no man ;
A woman can doe more then any Devill ;
Man God made good, she hath made evill,
And these fond women, which we men most cherish,
Are the efficients why the wisest perish.

On Love.

Love is a game of Tables, where the dye
Of Maids affection doth by fancy flye ;
And if you like such pleasures in a blot,
'Tis ten to one if that you enter not ;
But being a gamester, you may safely venter,
When that your point is opposite to the center.
And watch your play, for now and then,
Doe what you can, they will be bearing men.

A Reprieve for a Love-sick mind.

Thoughts doe not vex me whilst I sleep ;
Griefe doe not move me,
Smile not false hope, whilst I weep,
She cannot love me.
Had I been as cold and nice,
And as often burning,
Then as she had I been Ice,
And she as I, now burning.

Teares flow no more from my swollen eyes,
Sighes doe not so oppresse me,
Stop not your eares at my sad cries,
Oh ! but release me ;
Were you as sad as I,
And as full of mourning,
Very griefe would make you die,
At least leave off your scorning.

The strange choice.

No Gipsie, nor no Blackamore
 No Bloomsbury, nor Turnball whores;
 Can have so black, so foule a peere,
 As her I chose to be my deare:
 Shee's old and cold, shee's dry and tough,
 Yet money makes her faire enough.

The Lovers Ghost.

Goe restless Ghost, tell that proud Faire,
 She was my cause of dying,
 And if she still prove coy to heare,
 Importune her with crying:
 If angry looks still threaten war,
 Oh then tell beauties jewell,
 Though Angels are lesse faire by far,
 Yet Tygars are lesse cruell.
 Tell her those eyes that wrought my ill,
 Never gave them power to kill:
 The heart that so adored them:
 Tell her it comes to beg of her,
 What cannot be prevented
 Upon my grave, to drop one teare;
 And I shall be contented.

The Lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love! are all thy arrowes gone
 That shot chaste fire?
 Or is it my poore fate alone,
 To feeble desire,
 Whose ends doe fright us to begin,
 And makes it though of Love a sin,
 To wake heart: VVhat strong affection
 VVill it prove,
 That is not lust? yet none
 Dares call it Love:
 I gaze no more on her
 Bewitching face,

Since

Since ruine harbors there

In every place :

For my enchanted soul alack she drowns

VWith calmes and tempests, of her smiles and frowns.

I'le love no more those cruell eyes of hers,

That pleased or angred, still are murderers :

For if she dart like lightning through the aire,

Her beames of wrath

She kills me with despaire :

If she behold me with a pleasing eye,

I surfet with excesse of joy, and dye.

Clarindas Picture to be drawne thus,

I Ngenuous Artift, teach thy pensill how

To paint a goddesse, I would have thee know

I have a Mistresse, thy admired art

Must limme like my description, do not start

If I command a work above thy skill,

And send thee once more to *Parnassus* hill,

To heare *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you seen

The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen,

Her cheeks resemble somewhat, though each Rose

In hers seem pluckt, and my *Clarinda* growes.

Yet they may passe, the Lillies that doe stand

Vpon her breasts, tels you my Mistresse hand

As pattern to the whitenes of her eyes,

Not want that heavenly vertue to surpise

Only my heart ; Let them be loved by none

VVhose glories are to captive every one :

'Tis only my ambition for to be

Fit for my Mistresse, heer's just jump for me ;

But to my first description, for her hairs,

Let them be such as chaste *Diana* wears,

And let her Fore-head not inferior be,

To that which shewes great *Iuno's* majesty.
 Let those two roſie portalls, that I call
 Her rubie Lips, be but ſo magicall,
 As is her owne, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy made :
 Sure I ſhall leave the ſubſtance for the ſhade :
 If you think theſe Enigmae's, and that I
 Strive but to poſe you with my Poetry :
 Making an argument you never ſaw,
 Such goddeſſes feigned by Poetick Law :
 I answer, ſuch divine parts you ſhall ſee,
 Get ſuch a Miſtris, and but love like me.

*Upon the withered roſes of his Quondam
 Miſtreſſes Cheeks.*

DOſt ſee how unregarded now
 T' piece of beauty paſſes :
 There was a time when I did vow
 To that alone,

But marke the Fate of faces.

That red and white works now no more on me,
 Then if it could nor charme, or I nor ſee.

And yet the face continues good,

And I have ſtill deſires,

And ſtill the ſelfe ſame fleſh and blood

As apt to melt,

And ſuffer from ſuch fires.

Oh ſome kinde powers intriddle where it lyes;

Whether my heart be faulty or her eyes.

He every day her man doth kill,

And I as often dye.

Neither her power then or my will

Can queſtion'd be.

What is the myſterie?

Are beauties Empire like to greater ſtates;

Have certaine periods ſet, and hidden fates.

A Ladyes Prayer to Cupid.

SInce I must needs into thy Schoole returne,
Be pitifull, oh Love, and doe not burne
Me with desires of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond boy or Page,
But gentle *Cupid*, give me if you can,
One to my love whom I may call a man,
Of person comely, and of face as sweet,
Let him be sober, secret, and discreet :
Well practised in Loves Schoole, let him within
Weare all his beard, and not upon his chin.

A back-fise Complement.

Mistris, believe me, for I tell you true,
I cannot, but disgorge to you,
The squeezey maw of my ore-cram'd affection.
Suckt from your magazine of full perfection.
The comely spreading of your twelve sized feet
Made me inamoured when we first did meet.
Those il-matcht twins then your columnious leg,
Gramarcy short-coat scrued up the peg,
From love to admiration sure said I,
The Fabricks archt with monstrous rarity.
Whats underneath should one but dare to see,
'Twould cast him straight into a Lethargy.
Keep close I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough
To view your Non-such, (most egregious stuffe)
Your hand so like the faire paw of a puttock,
Your face the Effigies of my Grannams—
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipse :
But & the fulnesse of your well-hang'd lips !
Your Gnomon nose ; oh how it doth me please !
'Twould serve me for an Ephemerides :
To precipitate my satiated sence,
With its illustriall opall influence :
Who travelleth the craggie Alpes ne're seeth
More choice variety than in your teeth.

All dainty Virginal Jackes, how they doe chatter,
 And make sweet musicke on each tinckling platter.
 Your neat composed bundle, to be brieft,
 Is of all Pack-horse carriages the chiefe.
 But what needs praises, I'll say no more but thus,
 Thou art my prettie uglie durtye pus.

A wooing fit in verse.

HE. Much ado, I have god wot,
 I would love, but thou wilt not,
SHE. Reason, Sir, men are not true,
HE. Why was any false to you?
 Sweetest I have lov'd thee long;
SHE. Yet Sir Love should doe no wrong.
HE. Prethee sweet, come kisse me then,
SHE. No Sir, Maids must kisse no men,
HE. I the Heavens for witnesse crave,
SHE. They will shine cleare, though you'r a knave.
HE. Never lov'd a truer youth,
SHE. Men doe not alwaies speak the truth,
HE. By all those vowes that Lovers use,
SHE. Thus they protest, yet do abuse,
 And full oft maids, are deluded,
 When with kisses Love's concluded.

Love Queres.

DEL. When will Love be void of feares?
DTEL. When jealousie hath neither eyes nor cares:
DEL. When is Love most malecontent,
DEL. When Lovers range, and bear their bowes unbent.
DEL. Tell me when Love is best fed,
DEL. When it hath suckt the sweet that ease hath bred.
 When is Lovers time ill spent?
 When Love doth farme, yet takes no rent.
 When is time well spent in Love,
 When deeds ensue, and words worke Love.

B. What

B. What cal'st thou Love, I prethee tell,
 T. It is a fountaine, and that Well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
 It is a work on holy day,
 It is December match'd with May.

B. I prethee faire one doe not faine.
 T. It is a sun-shine mixt with rainey,
 it is a tooth-ach, or like game :
 It is a yea, it is a nay,
 A pretty kind of sporting fray.
 B. Come, come, I'le heare no more, away.

Another short wooing fit.

L. Sweet soule, to whom I vowed am a slave,
 S. Let me the enjoyment of my wishes have.
 M. Sweet Sir, Let not a wretch that is so poore,
 Expect to hord up treasure for his store.
 L. Yet still take heed, least thou thy selfe submit,
 M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.
 L. Prethee be silent, beaurie takes in rent :
 M. But follie bought, is worfe than money spent.
 L. Well, for this once I'le take thee as thou art,
 M. For richer, for poorer agreed, mine owne sweet heart.

The feares and resolutions of two Lovers.

D. VVhat wouldst thou wish, tell me deare lover,
 S. VV How I might but thy thoughts discover.
 D. If my firme Love, I were denying,
 Tell me with sighs, wouldst thou be dying ?
 S. Those words in jeast to heare thee speaking,
 For very grieve this heart is breaking.
 D. Yet wouldst thou change? I prethee tell me,
 In seeing one that did excell me ?
 S. O no, for how can I aspire
 To more than to my owne desire :
 This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,

Thoug

Though I doe swear't, you'l not beleeeve me,
 D. Imagine that thou dost not love me,
 But some beautie that's above me.
 S. To such a thing sweet doe not will me,
 The naming of the same will kill me.
 D. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares :
 S. I doe forgive, witnesse these teares.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

R. **T**He cause my sweet thou dost deny,
 M. Because thou dost not please my eie.
 R. Thy reason why to me impart,
 M. Thou dost offend and grieve my heart.
 R. There is no heart so fierce and hard,
 M. Nor person of so small regard.
 R. The Reason doth thy love controule,
 M. Thou dost torment my very soule.
 R. O remedie my loving smart,
 M. I'll keep such dangers from my heart.
 R. Why dost thou thus thy beautie keep?
 M. It will destroy it, Sir, to weep.
 R. My passions dost thou mock at too?
 M. Farewell Sir, without more to doe.

A contention between a Wife, a widow, and a Maid.

Wife, If to be borne a maid be such a grace,
 So was I borne, and grac'd by nature too;
 But seeking more perfection to embrace,
 I did become a Wife, as others do.
W. And if the Maid and Wife such honours have,
 I have bin both, and hold a third hegece;
 Most Maids are Wards, and ev'ry Wife a slave;
 I have my livery sued, and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have maidens bin,
 And were not constant to continue so
 The fals of Angels did increase their sin,

In
 Wife.
 W. A
 M. B
 Lil
 Wife
 W. M
 M. B
 W
 Wife
 W. T
 M. B
 A
 Wife
 M.
 W.
 V
 Wi
 VV
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 VV
 M.

V
 V
 V
 M

In

In that they did so pure a state forgoe.

Wife. Why marriage is an honourable state,

W. And Widdow-hood is a reverend degree ;

M. But maiden-head, that will admit no mate,

Like Majesty it self must sacred be.

Wife. The Wife is mistress of her family,

W. Much more the Widdow, for she rules alone.

M. But mistress of my own desires am I,

When you rule others wils, and not your own.

Wife. Only the Wife enjoys the vertuous pleasure.

W. The Widdow can abstain from pleasures known.

M. But the uncorrupted maid preserves such measure.

As being by pleasures woo'd, she cares for none.

Wife. The wife is as a Diamond richly set,

M. The maid unset, doth yet more rich appear ;

W. The Widdow, a jewell in the Cabinet,

Which though not worn, is still esteemed as deare.

Wife. The wife doth love, and is below'd again.

VV. The widdow is awak'nt out of that dream.

M. The maids white mind hath never such a stain,

No passions troubles her cleare vertues stream.

VV. Then what's a Virgin ? but a fruitlesse bay.

M. And what's a widdow ? but a roselesse bryer.

And what are wives, but wood-bindes which decays

Yea stately Okes, which by themselves aspire ?

VV. VVives are as birds in golden cages kept,

VVife. Yet in those cages cheerfully they sing.

VV. VViddowes are birds out of those cages leapt,

VVhose joyfull notes makes all the Forrest ring.

M. But maids are birds amidst the woods secure,

VVhich never hand could touch, nor yet could take,

Nor whistle could deceiue nor bait allure,

But free unto themselves, do musick make.

VVife. The VVife is as a Turtle with her mate:

VV. The widdow as the widdow Dove alone,

VVhose truth shines most in her forsaken state.

M. Th

- M. The maid a Phenix, and is still but one.
 VVife. The wife's a soule unto her body tyed.
 VV. The widdow a soule departed into blisse.
 M. The maid an Angell which is stellified,
 And now unto faire heaven ascended is.
 VVife. VVives are fair houses kept, and furnisht well.
 VV. VViddowes old castles void, but full of state.
 M. But maids are temples where the gods do dwell.
 VVife. An office well supply'd is like a VVife.
 VV. The widdow like a gainfull office void.
 M. But maids are like contentment in this life,
 VVhich all the world hath sought, but none enjoy'd.
 M. Go wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire.
 VV. Go gentle maid, and lead thy Apes in hell.
 VVife. Go VViddow, make some younger brother rich,
 And then take thought, and dye, and all is well.
 VVife. Alas poore maid, thou hast no help nor stay.
 VV. Alas poor wife, that nothing dost possesse.
 M. Alas poor widdow, charity doth say,
 Pity the widdow and the fatherlesse.
 VVife. VVe wives have children, what a joy is this?
 VV. VViddowes have children too, but maids have none.
 M. No more have Angels, yet they have more blisse
 Then ever yet to mortall earth was known.
 VVife. The wife is like a faire manured field.
 VV. The widdow once was such, but now doth rest.
 M. The maid like Paradise and rest, untill'd,
 Bears crops of native vertue in her breast.
 VVife. VVho would not dye a wife as *Lucrece* did?
 VV. Or live a widdow as *Penelope*.
 M. Or be a maid, and so be stellified,
 As all the vertues, and the graces be.
 VVife. VVives are like apples serv'd in golden dishes.
 VV. VViddowes good wine, which time makes better.
 M. But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes, (much)
 But that they grow so high as none can reach.

VV. I have a daughter equals you my girl.

M. The daughter doth excell the mother then.

As pearles are better than the mother of pearle.

Maids lose their value when they match with men.

A maids the perfect'st of created things,

The purest gold that suffers no Allay.

The sweetest flower that on earths bosome springs,

The pearle unbor'd, whose price, no price can pay,

The Christall glasse that will not venome hold,

The mirrour wherein Angels love to look,

Dianaes bathing fountain, clear and cold.

Beauties fresh rose, and vertues living book.

Wife. Maids cannot judge, because they cannot tell,

VVhat comforts and what joyes in marriage be.

M. Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in heaven doe dwell,

They doe the souls in Purgatory see.

VVife. There never was a wife that lik't her lot,

VV. Nor widdow but was clad in mourning weeds.

M. Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,

Both this estate, and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Mistres.

L Over, whilst thou didst love me, & that neck of thine

More white and soft than Roses silver'd downe,

Did wear a neck lace, of no armes but mine;

I envied not the King of Spain his Crowne.

M. Whilst of thy heart, I was sole Soveraigne,

And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise,

Which now poore maid, thou dost so much disdain,

I envied not the Queen of Englands fame.

L. What though I sue to thee again for grace,

And sing thy praises sweeter than before,

If I within my heart imprint thy face,

Wilt thou love me again, and love me more?

M. Thou shalt be then again my morning star,

Though lighter yet then flaming Cork thou be;

And

A letter to perswade one to be constant.

Constant love and vertue are
 In their qualities alike :
 Both in darkeſt nights ſhine faire,
 Like to ſtars which ſhoot and ſtrike
 Through the ſkies : ſo love will be
 Moſt known in ſad adverſitie.
 Therefore faire one keep ſtill one minde,
 To inſtruct the world how for to love,
 Though nature doth new changes finde.
 Like a Center never move,
 But while miſ-ſortunes doe turn round
 About thee, be thou conſtant found.
 Love's like a ſacred flame,
 Which quenched can hardly be renew'd,
 Tis evermore the ſame.
 Then let thy conſtancy be ſhew'd,
 Vertue ſets upon a ſquare,
 And conſtant friends ſtill conſtant are.
 Remember all our oathes and vowes,
 The bonds which I on thy lips ſealed,
 Heaven no perjurie allowes,
 Falſe hearts ſhall be at length revealed.
 Though place and time our hearts divide,
 They in a True-loves knot are ty'd.

A Letter to a maid, from one that expected no portion.

It is your beauty, faireſt, not the wealth
 Your father meanes to give you, but your ſelfe,
 That I doe court, you have a ſtock of beauty,
 Which doth exact from me moſt humble duty.
 You have a ſmiling eye, whole brighter beames,
 Exceles the glistening ſands of Tagus ſtreams.

You have a moist smooth, tempting cherrie lip,
 From whence great *Love* himselfe may *Nectar* lip,
 Such a fresh colour in your cheeks is spread,
 That *Roses* blush for anger, yet look dead,
 To see themselves excel'd, white *Lillies* grow
 High colour'd, to think nature should bestow
 Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Flora's bright lusters but eclipsed are.
 Since thy faire cheeks are but by these set forth,
 This pale, that blushing at thy admired worth.
 A brow so high, so faire, thence day doth break.
 When you doe wake, and when you please to speak,
 The spheres stand still, listning to heare
 Thy voices harmonie so sweet, so cleare,
 That they doe mend their tunes thereby,
 To beare with thee a sympathie.
 Let wretched Misers then their treasure lock,
 Within their chests, I love thee in thy smock.
 Nay wert thou wrapt but in a linnen blanket,
 Thy naked selfe could all my senses banquet.
 Which to confirme, let but thy love be mine,
 Here's heart and hand to witnesse, I am thine.

*A Letter to excuse the not visiting a friend
 at ones departure out of Towne.*

Good Sir, ascribe not this my forc'd neglect
 Of visit, to want of due respect.
 But to the violence of my affaires,
 That doe transport me hence to meet with cares,
 And make me most unfortunate to be
 Deprived of your happie companie.
 But in my absence think I doe remaine
 Your servant, till I doe return againe.

Yours, L. G.
 H

To a sweet-heart farre absent in the Countrey.

THe Countrey now is happier than the Citie,
 Injoying thy sweet face which is so pretty,
 That hob-naile fellows staring doe gaze on thee,
 As if thou wert some new-come Deirie:
 Me thinks I see thee looke beneath a hat,
 Most sweet and lovely, and thou askest what,
 In Market is the price of this and that.
 Then tripping home thou steppst ore each stile,
 VVhich makes my fancie in conceit to smile.
 O stile thinke I, thou wert in happie case,
 If thou hadst my eyes, or I had thy place.
 Then comming home, put't off thy cloaths again,
 And mak't thy bed most happie to contain
 Thy pretty Limbs, and then I wish to be
 Your bed-fellow, to beare you companie.
 Farewell my sweetest, and my loveliest Lasse,
 That dost in features, Ladies far surpass.

A Complementall Letter sent to a Lady.

MAdam, since that you are both great and good,
 More noble by your vertues, than your bloud,
 VVhose Titles onely are the badge and scale
 Of the lowes worth, which affections best reveale,
 Pardon the high ambition of my love,
 That scorning meaner objects, or to move
 In an inferiour Orbe below the sphere,
 VVhere faire resplendent *Venus* shines i'th cleare,
 Doth thus advance, and raise it selfe to finde
 Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd,
 And since that my affection stands thus faire,
 Built on a Noble ground, and on the square
 Of vertue, this alone implies, I am,

No dung-hill borne, but a true Gentleman,
For never can a narrow minde, possesse
VVith the opinion that low thoughts are best,
And easie in obtaining, hope to mount
His love unto an object of account.
Man doth not frame his owne mind, not compose
Those soft affections which from beauty flowes.
Love hath no golden arrow, but the beames
Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy means
To shoot at lovers, and since it chanc't that I,
Stood in the way, whilst that his shafts did flie.
Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladies heretofore by Physicks art
Did heale those Pilgrims, whom religion drew,
To take great journeyes, holy Saints to view;
This superstition made the world a baby,
But I am confident in you, faire Ladie,
That you can heare my prayers, and also cure
The wound of love, whose tortures I endure,
Then since that you can heare my just complaint,
Ile be a pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a sigh.

FAirest, you desire to know
VVhy I so often sigh, Hi, ho.
It is not to coole loves fire,
Everie sigh doth raise it higher,
Nor is it to blow my flame,
Thereby to encrease my paine,
But to shew the reason better,
In my sigh marke everie letter.
The first H. stands for your hard heart,
The I. stands for your eye my smart.
The other H. my heart doth show.
The O, the vowell is your no.

Thus your hard heart and beauteous eye,
 And no, which doth my sute denie,
 Are the cause why I doe break
 My heart with sighes, which only speake
 In a Language known to me,
 Thus interpreted to be.
 And now you know the reason why
 I doe so often Hi, Ho, crie.

A Letter to excuse the abrupt taking of a kisse.

IF that I did offend, and do amisse,
 In forcing from you a constrained kisse;
 Pardon my love that thus did think to plead,
 And in my owne behalfe did intercede.
 VVhich if it hath offended, at the bar
 Of mercie kisses to be pardoned are.
 Fairest with others let your creature sue,
 Intreat & beg, that you would mercy shew,
 And whilst my kisses beg, happy were I,
 If I might but so rich a begger die.

A Letter to request a courtesie.

THe knowledge of your vertue makes me bold
 Upon your favour, for thus to unfold
 My owne desires, in hope you will be free,
 In granting of an honest courtesie,
 Since a request, which is made to a friend,
 Should have a just aime at a noble end.
 Such is my sute, for I should blush to owne
 A thought, which being to my friend made known,
 Should move his anger, therefore let me find
 A true expression of your generous mind,
 Adding this courtesie to many more,
 Till back again I can the like restore.

*A Letter to a beautifull Gentlewoman, that was
resolved to live and dye a Maid.*

ARe you so young, so handsome and so pretty,
And yet resolve to dye a Maid? tis pittie,
Nature did give you beauty, not to show
Vnto the world but that you might bestow,
It on some others, and raise up your like,
Hath *Cupid* not one arrow left to strike
Your gentle bosome, or else will you dwell,
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell,
And there for want of natures recreation,
Commit sinne by a wanton speculation?
Looke on the *Pelican*, and *Turtle Dove*.
They both are mild and chaste, yet both do love.
Looke on the *Eglantine* and *Wood-bine Tree*,
Circling the *Elme*, and such a Maid should be,
Who should with sweet imbraces gently wind,
About her Lover, while he proves as kind,
And doth fast hold her in his loving armes,
Whilst true affection both their soft hearts warms.
Then do not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your love on me, divinest creature,
That being come into the pleasant fields
Of love, may reape the harvest that love yeelds,
For if to love you live, not you are dead,
Then live and love and loose your Maiden-head.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuse of long absence.

MY unkind fate deserveth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your best companie.
And thus my thoughts seem to suggest and say,
Write not to me, but come your self away.
O could you fancy by imagination,

The sorrow I sustaine in contemplation,
 Of my long absence; how I sigh and groane,
 And oftentimes doe play upon the Dreane
 Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refresh my wits,
 When they are in sad discontented fits,
 You would then pardon me, who now doe live
 Forlorne in sorrow, and doe sigh, and grieve,
 To think on you, whose presence I desire,
 And burne the more, the further from the fire,
 As flowers in winter hide their drooping head,
 And all their glorie are quite vanished.
 When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,
 And leaves the world deprived of his sight,
 So I like to a flower upon the stalke,
 Wither, whilst I in discontent doe walke,
 Wanting those beams of comfort, which proceed
 From your faire eyes, that do both warm and feed
 My cold distressed heart: for how can I
 But droop, deprived of your company?
 I have no essence now, for I did hold
 My Life from you, I gave away and sold
 My selfe unto your service, still to be
 Your constant Martyr, and your votarie;
 And though I must be absent some few houres,
 Yet know deare love my heart is sealed yours.

A Complementall Letter.

Heaven blesse my love, in whose sweet favour,
 I desire alone to thrive,
 Let fickle mindes seeke change and waver,
 To be constant I will strive.
 Yours I am, and have no thought
 That can reach beyond my Love,
 But downe to you 'tis quickly brought,
 From heaven below, to heaven above,

You

You are my heaven here of content,
Whither my thoughts doe aspire,
This life is but a kinde of banishment,
Till I enjoy my hearts desire.
Therefore before my winged soule hence flies,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the sphere of love our soules may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

A Maids Letter. fearing a growing shame

BLame not a Maid, if she doth thus discover,
VVhat she doth blush to tell, her faithles lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy sure,
VVho loves the tree when he hath got the fruit?
Yet think upon your voves, and false temptation,
Let former love move your commiseration:
This Paper will not blush while it doth tell,
That former pleasures now make sorrowes swell:
You have enough undone me, doe not be
For too much kindnesse, cruell unto me.
Thinke of the storie of the Trojan Queen,
In whom my picture may be lively seen.
For when that she had made her selfe the frast
To entertaine *Aneas* her false guest,
He hoisted up his sailes, and ne re would view
The Royall Queen whom his unkindnesse flew.
Poore silly maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was orecome, our stories have relation.
I doe entreat you then if you would have
A happie life, and find a quiet grave;
That you would view me, not as in loves bed,
But in the Paradise of my maiden-head.
And had I so continued, I had been
Preserv'd in Virgin purenesse, cleart from sin.
Now like a weeping penitent I come,

In hope to move you to compassion.
 Restore the ruines of my maiden honour;
 And think thus with your self, that I go from her;
 That was so kind to me, that she would venture;
 On promis'd marriage, to seale loves Indenture?
 O heare thy conscience that would thus informe thee:
 And for thy loving follie doe not scorne me.
 But let your love be mutually express,
 In confidence whereof my thoughts doe rest.

*A Letter of thanks to a Gentlewoman for
 some favour received.*

ALL is from your free mercie, for I know
 All merits are cry'd downe, as far below
 Your favours, which you doe most freely leave,
 With such as be unworthie to receive
 Such lively comfort, but therein I finde.
 All the divinities of a worthie minde,
 That on the poorest and unworthiest spirits;
 May let fall blessings far beyond all merits.
 For with such bounty you excite and move
 My soule to wonder, and admire your love,
 Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
 For such expressions, which so faire doe shew,
 That the endeavour of my life will be
 Too meane requittalls of your courtesie:
 But yet I hope to prove no barren land,
 Nor by ingratitude a fruitlesse land;
 That doth deceive the husband-mans desires,
 And both, his limbs, and expectation tires.
 But all my powers shall labour with much strength,
 Of thankfulnessse, to paie your love at length.
 And may I ne're know comfort, if I prove
 Vngratefull to the merit of your love.

*To Mistris Penelope, Natures Master-piece, the
lover expresse his flames of affection:*

VVonder of beautie on whom I doe repose
Such hope of comfort, that I must disclose
To you my secret thoughts, and dare to name
My sufferings, how I martyrd in the flame
Of your affection burne. Let not your scorne
Increase my sorrowes so to make me mourne,
Till love increase in strength, and doe blaze higher,
And my sad ashes are consum'd with fire.
Which should not be, for I doe not alone
Doat on those beams which from your eyes are throwne,
Nor on your cheeks, which are the nuptiall bed,
Where Roses are with Lillies married.
Nor on your lips, which closed seeme to smother
Their beauty, and doe onely kisse each other.
These peeces of your beautie with a smile,
May seem to build up a sweet funerall pile:
For common Lovers but my fancie took
Another course, for it doth dare to look
Into your soule, which crown'd with vertue sits,
Govern'd by reason, not by passionate fits.
And weares a powerful charme, that both inspires
All hearts with holy thoughts and good desires,
For vertue hidden from the common sight,
Shines out in you, as glistring stars by night
Peep through a cloud, that all may gaze and see
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortalitie.
So that I am afraid here to describe
Your sweet perfections, lest they should be spy'd
By Angels, who drest in some mortall shape,
Would from the heavens make a swift escape,
To court you in a dream, and so would stay
With you on earth, forgetfull of the way.

Back unto heaven, whilst that they did prove,
 Rivals to me, in seeking of your love.
 Therefore the flames of my affections are
 Ingenuous, and not like the common snare
 Of Love, which is plac'd only in the blood:
 For though I burne, my pain is understood
 By such a character, as may be given,
 Though it is a flame, it is deriv'd from heaven,
 Kindled from a small spark, that here doth shine
 On Earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
 O sweet *Penelope*! thy beauties be
 But a fair abstract, or Epitome
 Of brightest lusters, or a stream doth lead
 Me on, unto the purest fountains head:
 Then let me burn still, with a flame most clear
 From sinfull dregs, so that my love appear
 An imitation of divinest Love:
 And if my flames too violent do prove,
 This shall at last be my concluding prayer;
 Let Heaven and *Penelope*, both share
 Of my poor heart, which thus consuming lyes,
 being her Martyr, and heavens sacrifice.

To *Mistress E.B.* Sent her with a Ring.

Round is the world, and so is Love;
 No art can find out the beginning
 Of circles, those on seas do move,
 Come round again, by natures bringing;
 And those that travell in Loves ring,
 From one point do at first begin
 Of affection and loving found
 Love for Love, and then come round.
 So this Ring sure, shall be
 Loves compass both to you and me.
 By which we in saile may venture,
 Till we meet both in one center.

To a pretty witty scornfull Gentlewoman, being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the green sickness.

IF I were young as you are, I would prove,
 A tyrant unto all that sought my love,
 To flout them; and to hear *Narcissus* cry,
 Echo, O Echo, for thy love I dye,
 And perish in the fountain of thy face,
 What art thou gon, and leav'st me in this case?
 I'll walk away, and my sad story tell
 Vnto the Ghosts that in *Elisium* dwell.
 Thus might I play the mad man, but my dear
 And fairest creature, in whom doth appear
 Glorious perfections, tell me, would you have
 Me dye for love, or weep into my grave?
 And give my body to the worms to eat,
 Their legacy on one, is womans meat,
 O no, your knowledge will instruct you fuller,
 And tell you that your own cheeks is grown duller
 Then it was usuall, death it seems hath strook
 A palenes in it, and away hath took
 The former beauty, which he did to be
 Revenged, for your scornfulnesse to me.
 Death sayes, that you this choice shall only have,
 Either to marry me, or else your grave.

To a weeping widdow, wishing her to wipe away tears, with the conceit of a second Husband.

ENough of tears, their date expires,
 Do not three daies raise fresh desires
 In you, or have you all sence lost?
 Is your blood turn'd to a frost?
 A Widdows grief should always be

An outside of formality :

Or like a herse-cloth, that is laid
Vpon the coffin, which conuaid
Into the grave, the mourning black
Is folded up, and so sent back.

Your sorrow like the cloth laid on
The herse, should not be conuaid home
With you. Why should you vex your self
With fruitlesse sorrows ? can your wealth,
Or tears, which from your eyes do rain,
Call your late spouse to life again ?

O would you do him so much wrong,
That he having gotten from the throng
Of men, out of this world to be
Blest with the Angels company,
Should back again return to give
Comfort to you, and here to live

A second pilgrimage, would you wish
Him for you, to leave heavens blisse ?

Be comforted, and let not sorrow
From your face such beauty borrow ;
But make it lovely, black becomes
Only Funerals, and Nuns.

There is no musick in the grave,
Though one be lost, still you may haue
Another husband, and I am bold
To ask you, whethet you can hold

A good opinion of my love,
Which in these charecters doth more
As active, to give you content.

You know, sweet widdow, what is meant
By active ; you do never blush

At words, nor yet once pish or tush,
As maids do use in modesty,

Who will their own desires deny :
For Widdows, with a better apprehension,

Should

Should know the secret thoughts intention.
Then faire one, if this Letter wooe you,
Let it not be unwelecome to you,
But when you do rip up the Seal,
And read what this sheet doth reveal
Vnto your knowledge, let your bloud
Inform you that the lines are good,
Touching quick, and he that writ
This Letter, doth your fancy fir:
For Letters unto Widdows sent,
Should be like challenges full bent,
To dare them from City, or Court;
To play a prize at *Cupids* sport.
But you will say, that I do jest,
And do maintain within my breast,
A wanton flame. I cannot mourne
With you, nor yet with sorrow turne
Like *Niobe*, into a stone; but live
I would, that I might comfort give
To you sweet Widdow, then be content,
To make me yours, sans complement.

To a young Maid.

Come thou fairest master-peece,
Of natures work, her golden fleece;
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade,
If not refresht, dye not a maid.
Let us agree to appoint a day
To gather flowers, why should you stay
So long a Virgin? what have you done
To nature and your self? a Nun
Deserves not beauty, it is a mate
Makes *Cupids* darling fortunate.
Since youth and beauty then invite

Yet thus to play for your delight,
 Let loves tables opened be;
 Feare not, you are well match'd with me;
 Stake your maiden-head, you shall choose;
 Whether you will win or lose:
 Or if you lose, I do beleieve,
 You will not for your losse once grieve.

To a young Gentlewoman that disdained her Lover.

ONce more I have presumed to ease my grief,
 With these sad lines, in hope of some relief.
 O wretched I! that suffer in the flame
 Of love, yet dare not of my love complain;
 Nor sighs, nor tears, will I in this case use,
 Nor thee my love will I at all accuse;
 Since 'tis my cruell fate, that I must be
 Martyr'd with love, and only dye for thee.
 Yet let me ask one question, are they least
 Rewarded with true love, that do love best;
 Or is it but in me, held an offence,
 To love you, since that the sweet influence
 Of one faire smile from you, renewes lifes flame;
 And one sad frown can put it out again:
 Like a third sister; if you love, deny,
 You cut my thread of life, and I must dye.

*A complementall Letter to a beautifull young
 Gentlewoman.*

OR me to praise your beauty, would appear
 A flattery; for when the Sun shines clear,
 All do admire his beams: even so your eyes,
 Like to stars, that shine in beauties skies,
 And have a kind of influence below,
 To make hearts all obedience to you show.
 Your cheeks are roses, and your hair is amber,
 The odour of your breath perfumes your chamber:

Your

Your lips are like unto the Rispasse berry,
 Or like unto a full ripe swelling cherry;
 Your brow is *Cupid's* bow, most sweetly bent,
 From whence loves golden arrow still is sent;
 Your breasts are like a pair of mountains,
 Not yet resolved into Nectar fountains,
 Till love a pleasant moisture to them brings,
 And raise up on them two happy springs;
 But there below, there lyes the happy vally,
 Where young *Adonis* did with *Venus* dally,
 And to behold it, seemed much a sham'd,
 He blusht, and so this vally is yet unnam'd.
 Yet howsoever it be not exprest,
 Lovers have fancies to conceive it best.
 Thus I acknowledge you divinest creature,
 To be a modell of a most sweet feature.
 Then since that nature hath adorn'd each part
 With such perfections, I do hope your heart
 Is of so sweet a temper, to let fall
 Pity on him, who doth not know at all
 The art of complements; for love is best,
 When it is naked, with plain words exprest;
 Yet if you please to reckon me for one,
 That am devoted in affection
 Vnto your service, I shall repure of this,
 As earths chief happines, and heavens blisse.

*The Court of Venus Songs, of Love
 and Mirth.*

The first Song.

If I freely might discover
 What could please me in my lover,
 I would have her faire and witty,

Favourine

Favouring more of Court then City:
 A little proud, but full of pitty,
 Light and humerous in her toying,
 Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
 Neaher too easie, nor too hard,
 All extreams I would have barr'd

A Song.

Young and simple, though I am,
 I have heard of *Cupid's* name;
 Ghesse I can what thing it is,
 Men desire when they do kisse;
 Smoake can never burn they say,
 But the flames, that follow may.

I am not so fond or faire,
 To be proud or to despair;
 Yet my lips have oft observed,
 Men that kisse them, presse too hard,
 As glad Lovers use to doe,
 When their new met Loves they wooe.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind;
 Yet me thinks a heart I find,
 And thirsty longing, that doth bide
 Ever on the weaker side.

Oh, I feel my heart doth move,
Heavens, grant it be not Love.

If it be, alas, what then,
 Were new women made for men,
 As good it were a thing were past,
 That must needs be done at last.

Roses that are over-blowne,
 Grow lesse sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no churle, nor filken gull,
 Shall my Virgin-blossome pull.

Who

Who shall not I soon can tell;

Who shall, would, I could as well;

Yet I'me sure, what ere he be,

Love he must, or flatter me.

A Song.

OH that joy so soon should wast,

Or so sweet a blisse,

As a kisse,

Might not for ever last.

A sugry melting, so soft, so delicious;

The dew that lyes on Roses,

When the morne her selfe discloses,

Is not so precious;

Or rather, when I would it smother,

Were I to tast but such another,

It would be my wishing,

That I might dye with kissing.

A Song.

VVhy so pale and wan fond Lover,

Prethee why so pale;

If looking well it will not move her,

Can looking ill prevaile;

Prethee why so pale.

Why so dull and mute young sinner,

Prethee why so mute:

If speaking well, it cannot win her,

Can saying nothing do't,

Prethee why so mute.

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move her,

This cannot take her:

If of her selfe she will not love,

Nothing can make her,

The Devill take her.

A Song.

Amongst the Myrtles, as I walk
Alone, I with my sighs thus talk:
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my Shepherdesse.

Then foole, said Love, know'st thou not this;
In ev'ry thing that's good she is:
In yonder Tulip, go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.

In that innammel'd pancy by,
There thou shalt find her curious eye:
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud,
There waves the streamers of her blood.

'Tis true said I, and thereupon
I went and pluckt them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stop, said Love; There be
Fond man, resemblances of thee:
For as these flowers, thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those flowers, when knit together.

A Song.

Come, come, you goddess of the night,
That in silent sports delight,
And see the wanton moon-shine play,
To light us in our doubtfull way.
Come, come, come Ladyes come,
The night's not blinde, though deaf and dumbe.
Ladyes, have you seen a toy
Call'd Love, a naked boy:

Nor thy complaining;
 Thy causelesse dividing;
 Thy short abiding;
 Thy crafty smiling;
 Thy quaint beguiling
 Those thy struglings,
 With all thy juglings,
 Can make me leave thee.
 No, no, thou shalt no more deceive me.

A Song.

GOE spend thy time some other way,
 Vnthrifty boy, leave courting play:
 For be a Woman what she can,
 Shee's at the best not worth a man.
 Quench thy flames, and let them dye:
 Reason bids thee, and not I.
 Shee's a Woman, go no higher,
 It is enough to coole thy fire.
 Women are but for the light,
 Glo-worme like, they are best in night.
 But if thou needs must loving be,
 Let it be no more a shee:
 Love thy selfe, and love thy friend,
 Love thy Sack, and thier's an end.

A Song.

HE that will court a wench that is coy
 That is proud, that is peevish and anticke,
 Let him be carelesse to sport and toys
 And as peevish as she is franticke.
 Laugh at her and sleight her,
 Flatter her and spight her,
 Raile and commend her againe:
 It is the way to woe her,

If that you mean to come close to her,
Such girles will love such men.

He that will court a wench that is mild,

That is soft and kind of behaviour,

Let him kindly wooe her,

Not roughly come to her.

'Tis the way to win her favour,

Give her kisses plenty,

Shee'l take them were they twenty &

Stroak her and kisse her again

It is the way to wooe her,

If that you mean to come close to her,

Such girles do love soft men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,

That will squeake and cry if you handle her,

Let him kisse & fling, till he make the house ring:

'Tis the only way to tame her,

Take her up, and touze her,

Salute her and rouze her,

Then kisse her and please her again :

'Tis the way to wooe her,

If that you mean to come close to her,

Mad girles doe love mad men.

A Song.

A Nymph, when as the Summers beams

Made hot the colder aire,

Into a fountains Chrysell streams,

To bathe her did repaite;

And by degrees, she boldly did at length,

Those parts unhide:

Which to be bashfull nature made

So curious to be spied.

Off downwards would she cast her head,

And blushing look away;

Then twist her arms, and twine her thighs,

As fearfull to betray

Her self unto her fearfull self:

Thus frighted, she at last,

Into the fountains swiftest streams,

Her purest body cast.

The waves did proudly bear her up;

And as she waded in the silver brook,

Seemed not to cleanse her as the twome,

But from her purifying took,

And underneath the Chrystall streams,

As she did gliding passe,

She seemed like a Lilly faire,

That's sunk into a glasse.

And as she did her dainty armes,

In sundry sort display,

Of times she would Narcissus like,

With her own shadow play.

Of would she lye upon her back,

With legs and armes forth spread,

And imitate those wanton joyes,

That women use in bed.

Women, their modesty forget,

And often lay aside.

This Nymph, that thought her self unseen,

Was by a shepheard spied,

Who ravisht with the sight he saw,

No longer staid to wooe her,

But flung away his hook and crip,

And boldly stept unto her

She

She screeching dived, thought to have hid
 Her self, but all in vain :
 The waters to preserve her life,
 Did beare her up againe,
 The Shepheard caught her in his armes,
 And laid her on the brink.
 What he did without delay,
 You know, or else may thinke.

A Song.

Amongst the Myrtles sat my Love,
 With a more downy skin,
 And tender breast then *Venus* Dove,
 And clearer from all sin :
 For her I pluckt the Marygold,
 Whose leaves shut with the evening dew.
 I said to her, rise and behold,
 What pretty riddle this doth shew :
 Those leaves shut in like to a cloistred Nun,
 Will open when they feele the radiant Sun.
 What meane you by this riddle, Sir, she said,
 I pray expound it then ; I thus began :
 Know maids are made for men, and men for maids :
 Which said, she chang'd her color, and lookt wan.
 Since you the riddle, Sir, so plaine have told,
 Be you my Sun, I'le be your Marygold.

A Song.

As I travell'd too and fro,
 And in the fields was walking,
 I chanc'd to heare two sisters,
 That secretly were talking :
 The younger to the elder said,
 Pristhee, why do'st not marry ?
 In faith quoth she, I'le tell thee,
 I meane not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen yeares of age,
Then I had suiters many:
But I a wanton peevish wench,
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woe me,
And like a Lad that was stark mad,
He swore he would come to me.

And then he lay downe by my side,
And spread his armes upon me,
And I being 'twixt sleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me.
But he with all the power he had,
Did lie the harder on me,
And then he did so play with me,
As I was play'd with never:
The sporting boy so pleased me,
I would have slept for ever.

And then me thought the world turn'd round,
And *Phæbus* fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphes, and Goddesse,
About us two were tripping.
There seemed *Neptune*, as he had power'd
His Ocean streames upon us,
But *Boreas* with his blustering blasts
Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping *Vulcan* he came in,
As if he had been jealous,
Venus followed after him,
And swore she'd blow the bellows;
Mars call'd *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,
And swore he would him smother,
Quoth *Cupid*, said I so to thee
When thou laist with my mother?

Juno then and *Iupiter*,
 Came marching with *Apollo*,
Pan came in with *Mercury*,
 And then began the Hollow,
Cupid ran and hid himselfe,
 And so of joyes bereft me,
 For suddenlie I did awake,
 And all these fancies left me.

A Song.

ILle gaze no more on that bewitching face,
 Since ruine harbours there in everie place.
 For my enchanted soule alike she drowns
 With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
 He love no more those cruell eyes of hers,
 Which pleas'd or angred, still are murderers.
 For if she dart like lightning through the aire,
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despaire;
 If she behold me with a pleased eye,
 I surfeit with excesse of joy, and die.

A Song.

Lovers rejoyce your pains shall be rewarded,
 The god himselfe grieves at your crying,
 No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
 Nor the coy faces of the maids denying:
 No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
 For men are false, and what they do, they care not.
 All shall be well againe, then doe not grieve,
 Men shall be true, and women shall believe.
 Lovers rejoyce, what you shall say henceforth,
 When you have caught your sweet-hearts in your arms,
 It shall be accounted oracle, and worth:
 No more faint-hearted girls shal dream of harms,
 And eie they are too yong, the god hath said,
 Fustien shall make a mother of a maid.

Then wise men pull your roses, yet unblowne,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

A Song.

HOW ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retaine

His heat in spight of absence or disdain,
But doth at once, like Paper set on fire,
Burne and expire.

True love did never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
The noble flame which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive,
When my soule's fled.

Nor shall my Love die when my bodie's dead,
That shall waite me to the lower shade.
And never fade:

My merrie ashes in their Urne,
Shall like a hallowed lamp for ever burn.

A Song.

Shepherd. **T**ELL me dearest, what is love?

Nymph. Tis a lightning from above,
Tis an Arrow, 'tis a fire,
Tis a boy they call desire,
Tis a smile, Doth beguile,

shep. The poore hearts of men that prove,
Tell me more, are women true?

Nymp. Some love change, and so doe you.

Shep. Are they faire, and never kind?

Nymp. Yes when men turne with the wind.

Shep. Are they froward,

Nymp. Ever toward,

Those that Love to love anew.

A Song.

COME Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,

Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
 Green woods are dumbe,
 And will never tell to any
 Those deare kisses, and those many
 Sweet embraces that are given,
 Dainty pleasures, that would even
 Raise in coldest age a fire,
 And give, Virgin bloud desire.

Then if ever,
 Now or never,
 Come and have it,
 Think not I
 Dare deny,
 If you crave it.

A Song.

Vould you know what's soft? I dare
 Not bring you to the Down, or aire,
 Nor to the starres to shew what's bright,
 Nor to the snow to teach you white.
 Nor if you would Musick heare,
 Call the Orbes to take your eare,
 Nor to please your sense bring forth
 Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.
 Or on food were your thoughts plac't;
 Bring you Nectar for your taste.
 Would you have all these in one,
 Name my Mistris, and 'tis done.

A Song between two Boyes.

1. **T**His Lady ripe, and calme, and fresh,
 As Easterne Summers are,
 Must now forsake both time and flesh,
 To adde light to a starre.

2. Whilst yet alive each star decay'd
 She may relieve with light:
 But death leads beaurty to a shade,
 More col'd, more dark than night.

1. The fauzy, faith of man doth-blind,
His minde till it conduce
To destiny all his abject kind
For some eternall use.

2. But aske not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they goe,
Since knowledge is but sorrowes spie,
It is not safe to know.

A sad Song to a Lute.

YOU Virgins nine, from whence there flowes,
Words able to expresse our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a sigh each accent fill,
Infuse my breast with dolefull straines,
Whose heauie note may speak my pains.

Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguile my eyes with sleep.

The pleasing murmures of the aire,
That gently fan each moving thing.
I being heard, straight doe repaire,
And beare a burthen, whilst I sing,
A heavy burthen, dolefull song,
The Fathers griefe, the subjects wrong.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with sleep.

The grieved Flora hangs the head,
Of every youthfull plant and tree,
And flowrie pleasures are starke dead
At my lamenting melodie.
Then all my Muses keep my strains,
To reach the depths of bitter paines.
Oh let me sigh, and sighing weep,
Till night beguile my eyes with sleep.

Me things I heare the singing spheares,

Tune their melodious straines to mine,
 The dewy clouds dissolve in teares,
 As if they griev'd to see me pine,
 And all things joyne to help my moane;
 Thus seldome comes true sighes alone.
 Then let me sigh, and sighing weep,
 Till night beguile my eyes with sleep.

A Song.

My Mistris loves no Woodcocks,
 Yet loves to pick the bones..
 My Mistris loves some Jewels,
 And other precious stones.
 My Mistris loves no hunting,
 Yet loves to heare the horne.
 My Mistris loves not Irish,
 Yet loves to see men borne.
 My Mistris loves no wrestling,
 Yet loves to catch a fall,
 My Mistris loves not all things,
 Yet loves my Master withall.

A Song.

A H me, thou never lov'dst me yet,
 Faith and troth are but a fit,
 But to trie, if that I
 Would denie, or comply
 With thy false descombling wit
 Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and Art
 To betray, as a prey for thy owne.
 Not to prove, or to love,
 But deceive, and bereave
 Of the hopes that it feeds upon,
 Oh then wonder not at me,
 I find in thy mind such deceit:
 I were more strange not to change,
 But to yield in the field,
 Where love doth so faintly beat.

Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause
Of thy shame, then blame not my desert :

'Tis suspicious to be vicious,
Or give fire to desire,
When Love inflames but so in part.

A Song.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdred, still perfumed,
Lady it is to be presum'd,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace :
Robes sweetly flowing, haire as free,
Such sweet neglect, more taketh me,
Then all th' adulteries of art,
They wound my eyes, but not my heart.

A Song.

Flow, flow, fresh Fount, keep time with my salt teares ;
Yet slower, yet oh fairly gentle springs,
Lift to the heavy part, the muticke beares,
We weep out her division, when she sings.
Drop hearbs and flowers,
Fall grieve in showers,
Our beauties are not ours,
Oh I could still,

Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop ;
Since natures pride is now a wither'd Daffodill.

A Bridall Song.

Hold back thy houres darke night, till we have done
The day will come too soon.

Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their blushes open to the day.

Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the Bride.

Stay gentle night, and with thy darknesse cover
The kisses of her Lover.

Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weake denyals, vows, and often dyings.
Stay and hide all,
But help not though she call.

A Song.

Streph. Come my *Daphnis*, come away,
We doe wast the Christall day.

Daph. It is *Strephon* calls *Daph*. What says my lover?

Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare,
New chaplets to adorne thy haire.

Daph. *Strephon*, were I shut in this Tree.
I'de breake my backe to fo'low thee.

Streph. My shepheardesse make hast,
The minutes flie too fast;

Let's to those cooler shades, where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breasts will ever stray.

Daph. In such warme snowes,
Who would not lose his way.

Chorus. *Strephon. Daphnis* together.

VVee'l laugh, and leave this world behind,
And love himselfe, who fees,
Shall envy us, but nee'r shall find
His pleasure in his Dieties.

A Song.

BAcke againe, fond man for beare,
Buy not a minutes play too deare :
Come with holy flames, and be
Welcome to vertue, and to me.

Citizens Song of the Courtiers

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Lesson learne to thrive :
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her surpasse in birth and state :
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree.
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her servants, and thee honor.

Courtiers Song of the Citizen.

Poore Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learne of me;
To see thy Wife first in thy shop.
A faire, kind, sweet Wife, sets a poore man up :
What though thy shelves be nee'r so bare.
A Woman still is currant ware :
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend ;
But whilst thou art at the other end,
What ere thou see'st, or what dost heare,
Foole have no eye too, nor no eare,
And after supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake.
What though the gallants call thee mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorne light her home :
I am confident, but will not tell,
There such a Citizen doth dwell.

A Song.

Love a thousand sweets distilling,
 And with Nectar bosomes filling,
 Charme all eyes, that none may find us,
 Be above, before, behind us.
 And whilst we thy pleasures taste,
 Inforce time it selfe to stay,
 And by the forelocke hold him fast,
 Lest occasion slip away.

A Song.

THere was an invisible Foxe by chance;
 Did meet two invisible geese:
 He led them a fine invisible dance,
 For a hundred crowns apeece;
 Invisible all, but his head, he would goe,
 But when it came to be tride,
 Not only his hand which was left he did show,
 But a faire paire of heels beside,
 Invisible since their wits have been,
 But yet there is hope of either;
 Their wit and their crowns may returne againe,
 Invisible all together.

A Song.

If Love his arrowes shoot so fast,
 Soone his feathred stocke will waste,
 But I mistake in thinking so;
 Loves arrows in his quiver grow.
 How can he want Artillery,
 That appears too true in me.
 Two shafts send upon my breast,
 To mak't a quiver for the Rest,
 Kill me with Love, thou angry son
 Of Cupidus, or let one.

One sharp golden arrow flye,
To wound her heart, for whom I dye.
Cupid, if thou beest a childe,
Be a good boy, be so milde.

A Song.

Roome for the melancholy wight,
Some call him the Willow Knight,
Who these paines hath undertaken,
To find out Lovers are forsaken :
Whose heads, because but little witted,
Shall with Garlands strait be fitted.
Speake who are tost on *Cupids* billowes,
And receive the crowne of Willowes :
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

A Song.

Secke not to know my Love, for she
Hath vowed her constant love to me.
Her milde aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only know a stormy brow :
For if her beauty stir desire,
In me her kisses quench that fire.

Or I can to Loves fountaine got,
Or dwell upon those hills of snow :
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to coole the aire.
Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of *Pearls* lye.

Search hidden nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind,
Discover arts not yet revealed,
But let my Mistress live concealed.
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

A merry Song.

Welcome, welcome again to thy wit, s.
This is a Holy-day :

I'll have no plots, nor melancholy fits,

But merrily passe the time away :

They are mad that are sad,

Be ruled by me,

And none shall be so merry as we.

The kitchen shall ketch cold no more,

And wee'll have no key to the Buttry doore,

The fidlers shall sing,

And the house shall ring,

And the world shall see,

What a merry couple,

Merry couple,

We will be.

A Song.

Love is a bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog ;

Love is a clog, a great clog, and a close clog,

'Tis a wilderness to lose our selves,

And a halter 'tis to nooze our selves ;

Then draw Dun out of the mire,

And throw the clog i'th the fire :

Keep in the Kings high-way,

Sober, and you cannot stray.

If thou admire no female else,

The halter may goe hang it selfe.

Drinke wine and be merry, for Love is a folly,

And dwells in the house of melancholly.

A Song.

The blushing Rose, and purple flower,

Let grow too long, are soonest blasted,

Dainty

Daintie fruits, though sweet, will sower,
And rot in ripenes left untasted ;
Yet here is one more sweet then these,
The more you taste, the more shee'l please.

Beautie though inclosed with Ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare ;
Then how much those sweets intice,
That have issue full as faire.
Earth cannot yeeld from all her powers,
On equall, for Dame *Venus* bowers.

A Song.

Fond Fables tell of old,
How *Iove* in *Danaes* lap,
Fell in a showre of gold :
By which she caught a clap :
Oh had it been my hap.

How ere the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could with all day
And night to be so beaten.

A Song.

Chant birds in every bush,
The Blackbird and the Thrush,
The chiriping Nightingale,
The Lennot and Wag-taile,
The Mavis and the Larke,
Oh how they doe begin, harke, harke.



*Phrases for the beginnings of Letters, for our
greater speed in our urgent occasions.*

Desiring to refresh the memory of your
good will.

I thanke you for the courtesie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me so much, as to beare my Neece company.

Let me request this courtesie at your hands.

I must intreat you to have me excused.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you beare to me.

There shall be nothing wanting in me, who have bin always tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well considered of your friendship, and the worthy affection you beare me.

Sir, Let me advise you not to let slip any opportunity, to make me happy in your commands.

Excuse me, if my haste force me to be too familiar with you.

Phrases for the conclusions of Letters in haste.

Wherefore let me intreat you to advise me, or give me counsell, since in all things you may dispose of me.

Wherefore I doe againe desire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will imploy all my power in it.

The best interest, or use which you shall have

have for the money you lent me, is, that I will here confesse and subscribe my self your, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will doe you reason, or I will doe all that shall be fitting to expresse my selfe your servant.

When you shall have need of my ware, or of any thing my shop affords, it is at your command or service, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I shall have the means to serve you, I will doe it with a very good will, whilst I am,

If you have need of me, I pray you spare me not, since I am alwayes yours.

If you thinke good, I pray you send for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I shall acquit my self therein, as I should doe in my owne businesse that most chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You shall find me alwayes ready to obey you, to my power, *F. G.*

If you deale well with me now, you will give me occasion to pleasure you another time, for I am at your disposeure.

If you send not the summe you owe me, you will constraine me to take some other course.

I pray you advise him in it, who is your, *L. W.*

I will be ready to doe it with all my heart. 'Tis the least part of that service he owes you, who is your friend. *I will*

I will not faile to advertife you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am;
I will take the boldneffe to falute you, with
my moft humble recommends.

I fhall doe it with as good a will, as I now
recommend me to your good favour, with
my prayers to God, to give you even what
your heart defireth, and fo I remaine yours.

Defiring God to give you the continuance,
and increafe of all kind of prosperity, with
my prayers to God, to give you, with your
perfect health, the accomplifhment of your
wifhes, and defires, yours, *G. L.*

Praying to God for your contentment.
Even fo I take my leave.

And fo I reft, or remaine ever, Yours, &c.

*The Garden-knot of faire and rare Let-
ters of Complement.*

An offer of fervice.

SIR,

THefe ftroakes of my hand fhall ferve to
intreat you to honour me with yours,
and to confirme to you anew the purpose I
have alwayes had in my foule, which is a per-
fect will to live faithfully, that I may die con-
ftant.

Yours Sir.

Answer

Another.

SIR, This my duty shall confirme the rest, which I desire to yeeld you by my service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed,

Sir, the most obedient of all
Your servants.

Another upon the sending of a Token.

SEE Sir, I do not forget you, witnesse this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall find me what I professe, that is,

Sir, Yours.

A Letter of request to entertain a friend.

SIR, if I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; he shall be obliged and bound to you: he, as indifferent, and I, Sir, as

Your most affectionate Servant.

Another

Another to the same effect.

Sir,

MY passionate desire to doe you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand; to beseech you to doe this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgement shall be great, I shall expect this courtesie from you, as you from me will looke for all manner of service, since in very deed, I am,

Your most humble Servant,

A Letter for answer to requests.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands, to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my selfe. I have therefore effected your will, which I accoutnt mine owne, with as much vehemency, as shall be requisite for your service; for whilst I am any thing, Sir, I am,

Your Servant,

*Another humble expression of ones selfe
to a Friend.*

SIR,

I Am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soule for any thing; endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you

you; and I bestow them on you, without re-
serving ought, but the honour of that employ-
ment, since that will make me still appeare,
whersoever I am, like my selfe, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

SIR,

Another.

YOur requests are effected, and by conse-
quence, my desires are accomplished; the
one depending on the other: for the least of
those things that may pleasure you, shall be
always my contentment. Spare not then my
services, that I may obey you; for how should
they be unworthy of your commands, re-
member at least how they proceed, Sir, from,

Your most humble servitour,

A Complementall Letter.

SIR,

I have nourish'd in my selfe a continuall care
of seeking opportunities to doe you service,
and take more delight in rendring my selfe
yours, then in the waies of the world: I be-
teech you therefore to honour me with your
commands; I acknowledge my selfe an enemy
to Courtship, but I dare protest this, that
though you may have more powerfull, you
can never have a more considerable servant; for
I am extreame lie,

Your most affectionate Servant,

An

Another.

SIR, it is my publike profession to appear in all places a servant to your merits, your interests have obliged me, to which I shall wayes remain indebted making more account of the least of them, then of all the respects am able to render you, which may witness the passion I have to maintain the quality.

Sir, Of your verie humble *Servant.*

A Letter of Silence

THE onely way, *Sir*, to conserve me in your memorie, is to write to me: Silence is a sworne enimie to friendship: if you have therefore taken an oath to write no more to me, send me my Letters back again: you may so change your humour when you please: if you desire not to renew Obligations of my service I honour you so extreemly that I must of necessity addresse these lines to you the protestations I have made to live and dye yours, have raised in me this resolution, not to lose the honour of your remembrance though you should make little esteem of him, who is,

Your most humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR, Accuse me of importunity, rather than of neglect: for so you may finde me guilty of a qualitic which out of my respects to you, I will carry with me to my grave: I know that

friendship

friendship cannot be conserved without Letters, and that there must bee reciprocall and continued assurances, if you will but force your selfe to believe this, I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect: for though other interests have for a short space restrained my pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever on the paper, to expresse how much I am,

Your faithfull friend, and Servant,

A Letter of Gratitude.

SIR, you have ever so pursu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world, but to entertain them: insomuch, that should I offer up my being to you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part, to disengage my selfe; so that of necessity I must want both words and services to expresse how unfeignedly I honour you, and am,

Yours.

The Answer.

SIR, The excessse of your noblenesse hath bereft me of all Complements: so that I have bought your thanks at too deare a rate, and must bee familiar: whereas I received from you a myracle of Courtship, give mee leave in plain tearmes to expresse, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, then I in executing the office of a friend being unintermedly,

Yours to command,

Another.

Another Answer.

SIR, If you esteeme mee for one of your friends, why doe you use me thus, to thrust upon me with such unnecessary acknowledgements? it is an ill custome you have got: I protest to you Sir, I desire not to know the Language of Complements from you: consider of me without the superfluity of such Ceremonies; and bee but more familiar in the commerce of your Letters: and I shall acknowledge it for a full satisfaction and favour above all merits of mine.

Your friend, L. M.

A Letter of intreatie.

SIR, I doubt not of your power, and lesse of your noblenesse: and therefore presume to take the freedome to implore your Favour in the prosecution of that businesse you are already acquainted with: I have so much honour in this misfortune, to make your goodnesse knowne to the world (by my ingagements) eternally conserving the memory of all your other favours, and in particular of this, which so extreamply obliges me, that though for the present I am one of your most improfitable servants, I shall not faile hereafter to merit it, or to carry a for-
row

row with me to my grave.

Yours, L. F.

The Answer.

SIR, if I had done all you have desired, I should still intreat you to preserve new commands: I take such pleasure in them, so that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my employment, then you can returne me for my service: whereas you write of the preserving of their memory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofes of my obedience: for all the satisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were possible.

Yours, I. R.

A Congratulatorie Letter for the good fortune of a friend.

SIR, The excesse of my gladnesse, like the merits of your affection, is not in any respect vulgar: for all my passions doe but wait upon your good fortunes: pardon therefore the defect of my Eloquence, since it is supplied with the joy reignes in me, which hath made me so sensible of that extraordinary contentment, that in honouring you the world is possessed of, which long before this foresaw, that the felicity of this event belonged

ged to your merits : perhaps most of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation ; but this zeale and affection cannot come too late from him, that is more than he is able to expresse.

Yours.

The Answer.

SIR, You have so sensibly touched me with your Letter (your joy as it were to the life) mingling my interests with yours, that should I not render thanks to you, I should dye of a deep impatience ; I acknowledge I never merited the effects of such nobleness, as that you should account of mee as an object for your vertuous inclinations : the pleasure I entertain to consider your goodness is more satisfaction to mee than my advancement : as I prefer before other interests the happiness of your affection, and the new assurance of your friendship ; which that I may the more seriously contemplate, I shall for ever reserve my admiration, and remain in the number of your best friends.

Yours, L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour.

Worthy Sir,

THe excesse of your goodnesse hath forced me to a silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour: you are so extreemly generous, that I cannot be sensible enough: All the happinesse that I am furnished with, is, that you would be pleased to grant my innocent observance so much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands: For I am,

Your humble Servant,

A Letter to a Lord.

My Lord,

I boldly confesse my incapacity to expresse to your Lordship the resentment which your obligations cause in me; as also my disability in meeting with occasions to acquit my selfe, so that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgement of your generous actions, which can onely recompence themselves, in publishing your Lordships noble mind to the whole world, together with the quality.

My Lord, of your most humble and most obedient servant.

*A Letter intreating pardon for a fault.*S^rR,

IT is not that I feare my innocency, but to purchase the quiet of my mind, that I present these Lines to you in the error I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the suddenness of the occasion, then from any free will of mine, I therefore confesse my fault, not only in hope of your pardon, but also of a better acceptance, since the acknowledgement proceeds from,

Your truly sorrowfull Friend.

*A Letter complaining of a false report.*S^rR,

IFear you have forgot that esteeme which I made of your deserts, and those passions which I have ever had to doe you service, or else you could not be so forgetfull both of me and your selfe, as to undertake so dangerous an imploiment. I advise you suddenly to re-straine these exorbitances of your tongue, or I shall force you to such a long silence, that you shall never be heard to speake againe. This is charitable advise, if you are so carefull of your selfe as to follow it.

Your Servant, G. K.

The

The Answer.

SIR, As you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature and quality of a true friend, I could not have met with so violent an encounter from you, in a business of such importance, without better information; which when you take the paines hereafter to be more serious in, you will chastise your selfe for your rashnesse, and with an acknowledgement, endeavour to renew the interetts of

Your friend and servant.

Another more Complimentary Answer to the same purpose.

SIR, I doe assure you with your better permission, that your accusation is most false, yet so highly doe I approve of your judgement, that I doe begin to question my innocence, till you appeare more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

Your most humble servant.

To a new married Friend.

SIR, With the same joy that I formerly embraced your friendship, I am delighted with the good newes of your happy marriage.

Fame hath given an excellent report of the civilitie and sweetnesse of this your other half, to whom you now have divided part of the power that you had acquired over my affections. I rejoyce in your happy election, but as your friend must ever love you with the same passions, and as extreemly as before, professe my selfe,

Yours,

The Answer.

Sir, I am confident, that our contentments are never to be divided from you. The lines I received from you, were as so many characters of your good nature and noble mind: for which I am extreemly obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have obtained a new servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my wife your friend, Sir I am,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of protestation of friendship.

Sir,

Though I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to doe you service: yet I shall never content

my selfe, except some occasion be offered me suddenly, whereby I may appeare to you to be more then verball. 'Tis the only good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved, that I cannot expresse my selfe to the extent of my desires.

Your friends and Servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

The certitie of your love is best expressed in the frequencie of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures, which though they cannot render you more perfectly then you are, yet they seeme to be the accomplishment of our vowes, as mine doe assure you, that whatsoever happens, you shall find me to be Your most humble, and obedient servant.

Yours

Another.

Sir,

The desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service, is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon every opportunity that presents it selfe, it being the only consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in mind, that I will be eternally.

Your most humble Servant.

The Answer.
SIR, What proofes ever you give me of your Friendship, they are not able to diminish the price of mine, being in such a height of perfection, as not to be named: which truth, if I am so unfortunate, as that you should doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour also that I have acquired: which is, that whatsoever happens, I will never be otherwise then,

Your most humble and obedient Servant.

A Letter of excuse.

THough you were deprived of my letters, you were not of my remembrance: but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfy you. And indeed I had no newes to send you. Sit, say only, that I am alwayes

Yours.

To a sick friend.

SIR, being ascertained of your sickness, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, since the least distemper you feele, is to me an extreme griefe. Now if my prayers can doe any thing for your health, and consequently for my comfort, you will be soon well, and content.

Sir, Who am your most humble, &c.

A Letter to his sweet-heart.

YOU binde me, and unbinde : pardon mee, fairest, if this word offend thee, when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation ? The offence is not small that you had not written to me, but that you promised me, for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your love : remember, I beseech you, that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours, and that I desire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witness of your good will, not welcomming them as merchandizes, but as being sent mee from a wounded heart,

Thus I am thine, Farewell.

A Letter from a Quondam Mistress.

SIR, since I am constrained by my fathers commands, I must entreat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternall. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave sensibly to feel the separation of our loves, yet since it is folly to contrary that which must fall out otherwise, I counsell you to arme your selfe with strong resolutions, and to forget all that hath past

between us, that you have no memory of me,
as I for duties sake, am constrained to forget
you, Being now not my owne,

His Answer.

Goe paper more happy than him that
sends thee, accompanied with thy blots;
in stead of teares kisse her hands; which ha-
ving kist, since she hath robbed me of my
heart, certifie her, that day and night I turne
my selfe into streames of teares to wash away
her perjuries and false vowes: Tell her faith-
full paper, that by unbending the bow she can
never heale the wound which she hath made
in her faith and my love: and that my griefes
shall witnesse to the world, that as she is most
faire, so she is most unconstant to her Lover,
who can find content in nothing, and there-
fore bids her for ever farewell.

Sir,

I Received your Letter, and withall perused
those undeserved commendations of my
perfections, as you call them: To which you
annexed the protestations of your service,
which you must give me leave to question; for
I shall alwaies doubt whether so honourable
a personage as your Lordship can yeeld ser-
vice to so meane a Lady; or if Love had such
power,

power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy Sir, upon these warrants, and your free offers of service, I bind you by a courteous request, to conclude a speedie peace, that I may without danger of hostilitie repaire to Diana's Temple; so shall I be bound to doe you any honourable favour. Farewell.

His short Answer.

MY dearest, if the dissembling which you macule me of, be to cause me to dye of griefe, you may easily doe it with a frown, and then my death will give you a speedie and deplorable demonstration how truly I have loved you. Farewell.

Her Answer.

IF there be any thing in you that pleases me, your death is the least: the acknowledgement of your fault hath satisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldnesse than the miseries you suffer: know your telic better hereafter. Farewell, and live, cherish your selfe and hope.

A Letter to his Mistris in his absence.

FAIREST, I left thee with griefe, but am returned with pleasure and contentment; deny me not therefore thy presence, but let me

see thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the fortune of my fortunes. *Farwell.*

A Letter protesting affection.

IF I have not alwayes loved you, let me never be beloved of any ; if my affections doe ever change, let my present misfortunes never change. If you believe not the oath I have made you, take what prooffe you will of me, and you shall find that I am more yours, then I can assure you by my true, but most feeble words. *Farwell.*

A Letter in favour of another.

SIR,

IF you shall be pleased to imploy some part of your credit in the behalfe of this Gentleman, without any other consideration, but my request ; I shall account his obligations as my owne, your desert and condition having made you so considerable and necessary, that I could not but presume to importune you in this particular. I shall hereafter resent what you are pleased to doe for him.

Your Servant,
The Answer.

Sir, I only waited for an imployment from you, that I might expresse my joy to serve you.

you, so that I esteem my self happy in this little occasion. Your commands are my honor, thinke of this businesse as done.

Your Servant.

A Letter complaining of absence.

SIR,

THe great esteeme I have ever had of your friendship, suffers me not to endure your absence any longer. This tyrannie of your humour or inclination is too severe a punishment for me to groane under: For the eclipse of your better selfe seemes to me to be a retirement of your affection, let me therefore intreat you to returne speedily. I conjure you by all those charmes of passion. I have ever been at your service, to make a speedy redresse to him, who is,

Your most humble Servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

I make less account of my absence from the Court, & from my affairs, then from you, your friendship, is the only businesse of my speedy returne. I have already chid my selfe, and now have no more to doe, but to precipitate my haste, and in person to make my excuse, with the tenders of all manner of service in the quality of

Your most humble servitor.

*A Letter clearing ones selfe of a false accusation.**Sir,*

I hope that all the passions of my service have given you such sufficient proofes, as never to doubt my loyaltie, in which my innocencie hath ever shined clearer then the best language of my pen can expresse, so that the malice of that person was but ill contrived, whose knaverie I will make your sport; and if you please but to reveale his name, I will engage mine honour to make him signe me an acquittance with his bloud. I expresse my selfe thus farre, that at any rate I may purchase your higher esteeme of me, or be for ever forgotten.

*Your abused Friend.**The Answer.**Sir,*

I Have more discretion, then to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my selfe also to be interested in: And before I shall declare you guiltie, I will consider of that reputation you beare in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integritie. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot, much lesse of your sword; satisfie your selfe, that it is impossible, that I should lose

lose the esteeme which I have ever had of
your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

A Letter to a sicke Friend.

THis is the protestation of your friend,
that your sicknesse is mine, your indispo-
sition mine; and if you leave not your bed, I
shall suddenly take phyicke. There is a di-
stance of miles betwixt us, but you have in-
fected me here. You can have no greater asu-
rance of my friendship, then my life, which is
endangered, till I heare of your recovery,

Your languishing friend.

The Answer.

PRaised be heaven, I have so much strength
as to hold my pen to render these thanks
to thee, and to be still sensible of the goodnesse
of such a friend. I have some hopes of reco-
very, which as you expresse, is the weapon
salve of your health. Use me as kindly in the
care of your selfe.

Yours.

A Complementall Letter.

Sir,

I am not guilty of errors to make me blush;
As for errors of my birth and con-
dition, to live and dye yours; certainly I can-

not

not be accused or convicted, they carry so much honour with them to justify me ; or if they doe not, thinke not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together, else I should never have taken up a resolution to be beyond my grave.

Sir, Your most humble, and most obedient servant.

The Answer.

Sir,
I Am so unfainedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am toucht with impatience, much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But as I could never merit from you ; you seeme to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal ; and you still punish mee with the misfortune of my disabilities, to be so admirably transported in my Letters: I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beseech you to believe me, that I am honestly envious of your noblenesse ; and till I have encountred with some means to requite you, I will only represent the disquiet of my mind, and then alwaies seeke occasions to testifie to you how much I am, *Your most humble and obliged servant.*

Sir,

S I R,

I would be very hard for me to expresse how strictly I am yours : For your friendship commands me to serve you; you doe so continually oblige me; yet thus farre, as an expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious, to know if there were any amongst them, that could vaunt with that reason, that they are to the height as I am,

Your most humble, and most
obedient servant,

A Letter of excessive favours.

Sir,

YOu are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your envyers, as well as one of your admirers; and grow somewhat jealous of that generositie you exercise in my behalfe, since you will not give me leisure to acknowledge your favours, they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seeme ungratefull, though I both have, and would profess my selfe to my last minute.

Your most humble servant.

*A Letter to a friend upon the death of**his brother.**Sir,*

I Am truly what you have ever beleev'd, and will be everlastingly a partaker of your griefe; and am so much your friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remaine dumbe: or that my passions, which serve and honour you, should fall a sleep when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to thinke I could be so forgetfull; yet pardon me Sir, if in my Letter I flatter you not: For in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefes are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your selfe, or would call a Saint from happinesse. Sir, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectfull observance, I shall ever beare, and coffin up with the love I have vow'd to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death in your memory, unless you will deprive your selfe of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, Sir, if I say that your passions are so mine, that at this time my pen falls out

out of my hand, and my teares blot out what I am writing. Sir, I am your admirer and faithfull servant, be pleased to accept this counsell from me, together, with an assurance, that I will live and dye,

Your most passionat servant.

A Letter of presentation of service.

Sir,

I Have taken hold of this occasion, to expresse the inclination I have to esteeme you more then all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution everlastingly to be,

Your servant.

The Answer.

Sir,

I Am much obliged to you, for the good will you witnesse in my behalfe; but I have no other libertie left me, except to give you thanks, as I doe very humbly, assuring you, that I will censure your remembrance in an acknowledgement of the qualitie of

Your most humble Servant.

A Letter

A Letter to demand an Answer.

SIR, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not: you may resolve me when you please, by some short answer: if you judge me worthy of such a favour.

Your servant.

Another.

SIR, this Letter is so curious to learn news of her former companion, that she would needs bee gone in that pursuit almost against my will. Let mee know then if you please, whether the first were acceptable, or not; to the end, that either I may continue you my service, or cease to be further importunate: this is the request of,

Your most obedient Servant,

The Answer to them both.

SIR, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofes of your love: in answer to them briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much, that though you earnestly expected to heare from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, nor a convenient Messenger to direct my minde to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extreamly sensible of your love, which affords me so much power, as to publish

list my respects to you, in the stile of,
Your most humble Servant.

To his Mistress, *A complaint of her absence.*

M Adam, Since you are borne into the world, for no other end than to be admired, why do you eclipse your selfe from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand lives to serve you, and give a testimony of your worth, to which, long agoe I dedicated my selfe, Madam,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

The Answer.

You know I am not accustomed to credit the complaints of Lovers: their afflictions doe passe with me for Fables, and their diseases seem to me very easie of cure: Thus I give you a firmer assurance of my conceptions of love, than you can give me of the constancy of any that you professe you entertaine: yet be your affections what they will, I will render my selfe as far as a chaste liberty permits, Your humble servant.

A Letter returning love and fidelity.

Mistress, if you prove constant I will lose my life, sooner than part with those resolutions

solutions I have entertained to serve you. This is not a discourse of complement, but the soule of my thoughts, which knowes no other object then your deserts, onely, as they have an absolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your dispose. For I will hazard the one, and the other, when you please to command them in your service, since it interesteth my happinesse, to be eternally,
 Your most humble, and
 faithfull servant.

The Answer.

Sir,

YOU are too eloquent to be amorous, and too passionate to be constant; and I am too unworthy of such protestations of your martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not to dissuade me from you, as that I should cease to be obliged; since you are pleased to reckon me in the number of your humble servants.

A Letter complaining of neglect.

MAdam, since I have learned the lesson of love, I have been sufficientlie instructed with sufferings. 'Tis true, the slavery where-with I am tyed, forbids me to demand a reason for what you can doe; yet I dare allow my self so much libertie, as to tell you that you are

too

too rigorons to be so beautifull ; and that except you change this severe humor, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose.

Madam,

Your most humble, and
faithfull servant.

To congratulate a friend.

SIR, I much rejoyce at the successe of your businesse ; and even so, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my soule, so much doe I tender your content ; but this is but a duty, to the friendship I owe you ; and a necessitie, to the zeale I have to your service, to which I shall be forever obliged.

Sir, Your most humble, &c.

A farewell to a friend going a voyage.

SIR, The Law of necessitie must deprive me a while from the honour of your presence ; (but not without griefe) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have alwaies preferred it before all manner of delights. Judge therefore, if separated from you, I can live content ; but though I suffer for the present in your absence, it is my joy that I can never forget you ; and wheresoever I remaine, it shall appeare to you that I am,

Sir, Yours.

A Letter of Excuse.

SIR, if lawfull excuses exempt duty, I am absolved of the promises I have made you through the importunity of affaires that have befall me: it grieves me neverthelesse, for not keeping my word with you, and that grieve with my good will may satisfie you, I shall shortly doe my selfe the happinesse to see you, and the honour to serve you,

Sir, since I am yours, &c.

Of a new married man to his brother in Law.

SIR,

THe honour of your alliance is so deare to me, that I shall never think my self more happy, then when I shall know my selfe capable to deserve it. This expression of my duty will witness to you, how considerable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the desire to observe you, the will to serve you, I have no other passion in my soule, nor other ambition in my designs: it is all I hope for, it is every thing I look for, yea, with so much patience as I have left off my liberty (after so sweet a servitude) to live faithfull, that I may dye constant,

Sir, The most humble of your

Servants.

A Letter

A Letter by way of Protestation.

SIR, the honour of your friendship so obligeth mee to make some worthy acknowledgement, that I am most resolute to serve you, but as full of defects in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occasion, wherein by your command I may signallize my obedience, which shal always, and where-soever I remain, make me appeare,

Sir, That I am your, &c.

Another to a friend obliged by favours.

SIR,

You still delight in obliging such as are most beholding unto you: I am, witnesse of it, and your courtesie is the tryall: so that I am ashamed to be always ingaged, without so much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Neverthelesse, if a fervent passion perfectly zealous for your service, can satisfie you for my defects: accept of it, I beseech you, since it proceeds,

Sir, From your most humble, &c.

To complain for some offence.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pittie them both; the one makes you seem mild, and the other rash;

I thinke you are not the man to repent it ; but he that does ill, is not absolved for being sorry for it, he must do pennance withall hereafter. Look to your own affairs, that you may never talke of other mens. I take nothing in jest when one pinches me : if you doubt it, there's his name, who will make good his words.

N. B.

A presenting of service.

Mistress, It is long since, that too much discretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldnesse permits it me now : I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guiltie, that so I may be rather absolved, then accused : For although I had no other purpose, then to tender you my service, as now I doe, with my faith to boote, for assurance of my fidelitie ; yet am I fearfull of too much undertaking; but howsoever, chastise me as you please. *Mistress*, Heer's my name and surname. Your humble, and most affectionate servant,

Another of Love.

Mistress, Since at the sole aspect of your eyes, my heart sighs for love, as taken with your wonders ; I shall incessantly blesse the day of your acquaintance, and consequently of her that is the most perfectly faire on earth :

earth: and already resigning my will to yours,
I will so passionately cherish my thraldome,
that the fear alone of being free wil render me
miserable. Make good my purpose then,
Sweet *Mistress*,

But alwayes in this quality, of your
most affectionate Servant.

Another.

M*istress*, When to admire you I staid mine
eyes at your object, my heart insensibly
taken, bewailed her captivity; so as I found
my selfe in love, before I had so much as the
hope to be so. And yet I should not complain;
but I rather blesse the day that bereft mee of
my liberty, by the sole armes of your merits,
without reserving any freedome to my selfe,

Mistress, other than the word to
speak me, your servant.

Another.

L*ady*, I have such an inclination to your
love, that I must needs bee destyned for
your service. Now if it be a satall instinct in
me, that my obeysance should wait upon the
honour of your commands, is it not necessa-
ry for you,

Mistress, To beleeve me to be
your servant.

L

Another.

Another.

Mistris, if admiration have onely eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* bee not blinde, but to elchew hurts from you, can I have an heart without loving you, or a soule without adoring you? And can I be mortall, and not sensible of your charmes? Oh no, *Mistris*, I have too much honour in being your Captive; and too much glory, in being your slave.

Another.

Mistris, This instant Letter will tell you, I am your servant: If you aske mee the cause, it is your merit, and the effect shall bee my obedience: if you deem me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my services, I have a Mistris to my wish, & by consequence am
Your Servitour, &c.

Another.

Mistris, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I bestow my selfe; but it is as your Captive and slave.

Another.

Since your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortall. If I must dye, it must be for love. Happy death, happy cause! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confesse only you have

van-

vauquished me, and I shall confesse my defeat, being it proceeds from the most perfect Creature on earth.

A Letter of a despairing Lover.

Sometimes love, at this time the despair of Love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpose if it return me no redresse, to change it into a sword, which promises mee a full, though a cruell healing: the blanke paper which you have sent mee for an answer, is a testimony of my innocency, since it is as if you had said, you have found nothing to accuse me of, from whence otherwise could your silence proceed: if you have any remembrance of my faithfull service, for pittie I desire of you either life or death: this is all that is requested at your hands by your despairing Lover.

Her Answer.

Draw from your evill, the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a sence of any thing; till you are forgiven, you shall not know your offence: in the mean space hope and live.

To a Lady, promising revenge on his enemy.

M Adam, who doubts of my innocencie, shall be guilty, and offend against truth: closed eyes see not the light, though without a shadow it shine on them, especially when those eyes are shut against the brightnesse of my justice: therefore if the bloud of mine enemy cannot wash away my stain, I will voluntarily adde thereunto mine own, since that I have no other way to preserve my life left me, I am ready to render it: farewell.

Her Answer.

SIR, The wounds of the body are not alwayes healed, though they bee out of danger, no more they of the mind: but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to worke her ordinary actions; in the mean space shee that loves you, waits an opportunity till the blemishes of your honour are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appeare cleare, and as bright as day againe in the eyes of her that admires you.

A Lovers offer of his service to his Mistris.

FAIRE Mistris, had I Art to perswade you as you have power to make me love you,
the

the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountaine of Ice, to pittie, but for that love is more vehement in the heart, than in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that you shall thus much I say, though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to aire, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death, to doe you service, of which you can have no better assurance, than to imploy mee, nor I a higher favour than to be
Tours.

A letter of a Lover, requesting speed, remedy.

GOOD *Madam*, martyr mee not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellence of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming Flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it wil suddenly burn: thus longing for your gracious and suddaine answer, I kisse your hand, and am

No more my owne,

A Letter from a languishing lover.

MORE out of zeale to doe you service, than fire I have to live, I here present you

my consumed selfe, onely kept alive by the light of your faire beauty, that sitteth crowned in the palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the meanes of my cure: if you vouchsafe it, I live: if not, you must see my death: and thus doubtfull between both, till I kisse your sweet answer, I remaine,

Vnto my last gaspe, Yours.

Her Answer.

I Am not cruell, though with difficulty I consent to love: and for that your passions are so extream, I keep your picture in my bosome, but with what thought, I blush to write, though pity be my warrant, so that I leave the event of our loves to your consideration: for know, sweet Sir, that being overcome to see your passions so great, I cannot but commit my love, my honour, my selfe, and all to your affection, and wise government, Farewell.

A Letter to his Mistris.

Fairest, since it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to subdue affection, Let it not seem strange that I am a slave to your beauty, nor wonder though I sue for grace, since the lover, like a sick Patient, is inforc'd to seek comfort of his Mistris: to prove that I love you,

you, needs no other testimony then the witness of your rare perfections: for the present, I balme my wounds with a hope that I shall kisse your gracious hand, and that your answer will retorne an acceptance of the service of him,

Whose heart waiteth on your *Beauty*.

A Letter to his Mistris upon service enjoyned.

FAire Nymph, may all contents and pleasures dwell with you, as all mine depend on you: I perceive now you command me to action: but Love, which is ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble, but let heaven doe with me what it pleaseth, I know it will not deny me a grave.

*A Letter complaining of the cruelty
of his Mistris*

FAirest, if your eyes were as full of pitty as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first, would make me adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me vain hopes, but so far are they from the performance of their deceitfull promises, that they will not so much as glance at them, and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themselves authors, as if with you they

purpos'd to equall cruelty with beautie, since you have ordain'd that the affection that you have caus'd to be borne in me should cruelly dye in me; was there ever a more unpitifull mother but I, who hold more deare that which comes from you than my life; being unable to suffer so great an injustice, am resolv'd to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the heavens mov'd at last, will through my patient suffering, make me as deare to you, as you are now cruell to me, Farewell.

A Letter from a despairing Lover.

IF you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which followes it, shall revenge it on you; but if it be indifferent to you I assure my selfe, that this last act of my affection shall gainc somewhat more on your soul: which if it fall out so, I shal cherish the resemblâce of your beauty more than my birth, since by it I came into the world to be troublesome to you; and by the other, I goe out of it, and leave you.

Another.

Mistris, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours: so that I have nothing left but my pen to expresse how I am

Your Servitour,

Another.

Another.

M*istris*, From the time that with your beauty, I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love. If so be then, that my services, whereof Heaven hath reserved the integrity for your commands, may be never so little pleasing to you; permit, *Mistris*, That I may honour my selfe. with this title of your *Servant*.

Another Letter of Service.

S*ir*, I have beene honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have seene the submissions of services that you doe me, but undeservedly, for that I am more beholding to your courtesies, then to any merit of mine: Now to accept of them were unreasonable; as to refuse them would be held disdainfull; I doe therefore receive the proffers, but leave the effects to your selfe, that so you may not serve,

Sir, Her that favours you.

Another.

S*IR*, If the services which your honestie will needs yield me, gather onely life from
L 5 my

my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no defect, if there be no cause: so that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my servant Sir, in words only, but I am yours in my living actions, *L. M.*

Another.

SIR,

IF my duty have entertained yours, my honestie hath refused your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthie of them. I shall nevertheless, for mine owne sake, reserve the honour to my selfe, to be, Your Servant.

Another to the same effect.

Sir,

Iaccuse my duty for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters, and confesse me guiltie before you accuse me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is the most affectionate of all your servants.

Another to the same effect.

ALbeit, one self same cause, makes us pardonable, for having been alike silent, yet doe I know my duties interest, in having unjustly deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) by the effects of remembrance, which grieves

grieves my soule ; which grieve I present to you ; but alwaies in my qualitie.

Sir, Of your humble servitor.

A Letter desiring better acquaintance.

S^rR,

ALthough my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you ; yet the desire neverthelesse I have to introduce my selfe into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldned me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service. Yours.

A Letter from one to his M^{ist}ris.

IT is impossible to see you without loving you, but much more, to love you without being extreame in that affection ; so that if for my defence, it shall please you to consider this truth, when this my paper shall present it selfe before your eyes. I assure my selfe, that the greatnesse of my hurt shall obtaine by pitty as much pardon from you, as the boldnesse which hath raised me to this worth, may merit just punishment, attending the judgement which I shall give. Suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kisse your faire hands, and rest, Yours.

*A Letter to Cælia.**Mistria,*

IF perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admir'd: if love be not love, but to make you be beloved: if sacrifices are not but to make you be adored, who can see you without admiration? who can admire you without love? and who can love without adoration? he must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soule; for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it so: if my heart loves you, reason commands it: if my soule adores you, heaven permits it: so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you.

Deare Mistris, under the Title
of yours, *Engenius,*

*A Letter.**Sir,*

IT is needlesse for me to say I love you, since my actions hitherto have given you no testimony to the contrary, I can write little, but my deeds shall speak for me, and tell you, that in effect I will, during life be, *Yours.*

A Letter of acknowledgement.

WHat worthie acknowledgement can I give to your obligations, when
their

their extremitie bereaves me of the hope : my duty remaines pensive at the excesse of your courtesies ; for being never able to tender you other than unworthie effects of your merits, I have indeed but the will, and that is but a shadow for a body ; yet compose it, I beseech you, whilst you remember how it proceeds from,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR, With what kind of duties shall I acknowledge your courtesies ; which have so obliged me, that to expresse them right, I must be silent ? To offer you my service, it is already your owne. To present my selfe, I am your's long since. I then have nothing but deficiencies for your satisfaction, though I have a thousand services at your command; for my being in generall, depends on that particular, of,
Your most humble Servitour.

Answer.

Sir,

I have nothing, yet I owe much. To present you with wishes, for effects, were but too weake recompences, I will therefore give you mine endeavours, for all your courtesies
honouring

honouring and serving you whilst I live ; all which life of mine is destined for no earthly thing, but your commands.

Another.

Sir,

Your courtesies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them: I shall celebrate them particularly in my soule, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the least presenting serviceable occasion, and live alwaies with this will, never to dye beholding to you.

Sir, Your most humble servitour.

SIR,

Another.

I can honour your merits by reason, and acknowledge by duty, your courtesies, which have too much obliged me to be ungratefull : though I can never make you worthe satisfaction ; yet shall I have alwaies, both the desire and hope of it ; and in the meane while, a stedfast will to live and dye, *Sir, Yours.*

For telling of Newes.

SIR,

Desirous of your contentment, as of mine owne, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatsoever hath past. Now you have seen what is new, take the old with it : which is, that I am alwaies, *Sir, Your Servitour*

A

A letter of acknowledgement of his being beloved.

SHall I conceale such an excessive happines,
 As to be loved by thee, *My dearest*? Or shall
 I publish it, to make it greater? No, no, my
 silence may honour it, yet my words shall
 make it more glorious; but not more constant
 by doing so, for I cannot deprive my mind
 by forgetfulness; yet I will have my lips con-
 tinuallie closed up, against the confession of
 it; that my memory may be taken up with the
 thought of it, and my soule wrapped in the
 sole object of its *Idea*: that so by blessing my
 birth, for the happinesse of yours, that your
 death may be my Tombe. In the meane space,
 my whole happinesse and glory shall consist
 in the qualitie, of Your most humble servant.

A Letter of absence.

Mistress,

SInce the day of your departure, which was
 also reckoned the same of my discontent-
 ment. Tears and griefs have been inseparable
 with my life: all kind of objects are to me de-
 fective, nothing pleases me, but what dislikes
 me; and if your memorie did not still accom-
 panie me in my actions, I should forget my
 selfe; and in stead of preserving my life for
 your service, should destroy it for mine owne
 content. If you desire to judge of my griefe,
 judge

judge what you are your selfe, *Mistris*, which is the fairest of the world, and I, the most afflicted of all your servants.

Another.

Mistris,

Since your absence, I endured all that Sever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the daies shine not on me, but to enlighten my misfortunes; for the Sun laughs at my paine, as I scorne his brightnesse, in that I acknowledge none worthier, than that of your eyes, long since my Conqueresses, and still mine idols. But what shall I say; ? I am borne to endure, and to love you, *Mistris*.

But alwaies in the qualitic of your
most humble Servant.

Letters of Absence.

If those griefes, which are still present, since your absence did not make me hope for a speedie death, I should bewaile the birth of my dayes, that do enlighten me without shining, for deprived of the brightnesse of your eyes, I can acknowledge none other in the world, as they have vanquished me, & that with so many charms, as that they are not content, that I adore them, but that they are still burning me.

Well,

Well, this is somewhat too much ; but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore, I will never be weary of suffering, no more than of loving you. Beleeve this my affliction that your beleeve may be my remedie, and my honour, the qualitie,

Mistress, Of your most humble Servitour.

Another.

Mistress,

[I]f the sorrow, which your absence hath caused in my soule, could give me as many words to expresse it, as I have griefes to bewaile it, I should thinke my selfe satisfied. But for too much enduring, I must be silent in my torment : But never in my expressions, how I am one,

Mistress, Of your most humble Servants.

Answer.

SIR, What kinde of trouble can such an Indifferent absence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginarie feeling to you, though it seemes reall, as by your own words may be perceived, which speake you unable, being there's no such thing to expresse it ; and therefore your silence will be your greatest advantage, since it layes asleep your torments, without saying any thing of them : But not the

the title which your faire carriage gives you, of being my servitour : as to me, it doth likewise the endeavour, Sir, of deserving the stile and quality of your servant.

SIR,

I can give but a faigned remedie to an imaginarie torment like yours : for my absence is of too indifferent a nature to cause your grief or trouble : And I beseech you, dispence with me for beleeving of it, since also mine owne knowledge forbids it, as reason doth otherwise, to say I am,
Sir, Your servant.

Vpon a point of rigour.

I F love and crueltie be two contrary things, your love must needs be fained, since your rigour is reall. Cease then to make me suffer, and I shall beleve you love me, for my paine and your crueltie are too opposite to persist together: adieu to thee fairest, though cruellest of thy sexe,

Another.

SIR,

Y ou complaine of my absence, and I of yours: you would enjoy my presence, but my discretion forbids it you, and me the happiness to see you; but my want of power opposeth it; so that grievances should be less, in
 that

that they are equally shared ; but not the quality which I take, Sir, of your servant.

Another.

TO see you without admiration, is past my power : to admire and love you, is a necessity; but to love and endure yours, is a consequence : For you have so much merit, that one can hardly desire, much lesse hope for the honour of your good favours. Iudge then, who can but worthilie serve you ? Sure he is, yet unborne, nay, in earnest Ile pawne my life on't; yet with your leave, *Mistress*:

For I am yours.

To his Lady.

TO despise such as honour you ; to disdain such as love you ; to make no account of such as faithfully serve you, are these the actions of a faire soule like yours ? Or are they but words, that honour me with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance ? Oh, it is a little too rigorous ! Confesse it, that you may repent, and give him content, who cannot be absent from you.

Mistress, As your
most humble Servitor.

To a kinswoman.

M*istress*, Albeit your actions, in appearance have witnessed, that I was no other-

wife

wise in your esteeme, than of an indifferent qualitic; yet my desires being still secretly zealous for your service, in their natural instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to your disgrace; so to restore me to my selfe, and make me the same I am to you, which is,

Mistris, Your most affectionate
servant and kinsman.

Vpon the inconstancie of a servant.

SIR,

OUR sexe is not alwaies accused of inconstancie: and yet I now take that aspersiō from you: you, I say; whose oathes gave such faithfull testimonies of affection, that I durst not doubt of it, for feare of offending my selfe: And yet hath the winde carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any: so that now when I blame my selfe for having beleevd you, I praise my selfe withall, for imitating you; but alwaies with the sorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I should preceede you, as your *Mistris*,

Sir, though at the present,
Your servant.

A Letter.

M*istris*, It is to be feared, that you have
no love, since you have eyes to see my
anwor.

unworthinesse. Love is blinde, you should be so too, in regard of my merits. Let it suffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the fairest and most perfect creature on earth.

A Letter from a despairing Lover.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, so bereaved of reason, or deprived of sense; which being oppressed with direfull calamities, feelerh not by meere instinct of nature, a present medicine for his maladie, man only excepted, who by reason of his want, may justly accuse the powers of injustice, the Vnicorne being sicke, recovers his health by swallowing the buds of a Date tree : The Deere being stricken, feeds on the herbe *Dianthus*, and recovers ; but man hath no secret salve so excellent, nor plaister so perfect, by whose secret vertues hee may appease his passions. This *Madam*, I now know by prooffe, and therefore speake by experience ; for your divine beautie, and the perfections of your minde have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no meanes I can quench, but it will turne my body into dry earth, and cinders ; unlesse by the drops of your pittie, it bespeedilie extinguished ; therefore faire one, now at last be mercifull, and let not my service
and

and loyall love be recompenced with such disloyall refusals, Strive not for my life, since you have my libertie: seeke not my death, since you are the saint to which I offer up my deuotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balme of your beneuolence salve the sore which so painfullie afflicteth my carefull conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeeme him from miserie, whose life or death standeth in your answer, which I hope, shall be such as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautifull minde.

Farewell.

Her Answer.

IT is impossible Sir, to straine moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heate in that which is key cold, or to force the sturdy streames to runne against their common course. Know Sir, you are the man I loath, but cannot like; make therefore a vertue of your necessitie, and assuage the flame your selfe, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in your purpose where no hope is, lest you prove your selfe rather a desperate sot, then a discreet souldier. Take my nay, therefore for an answer: if I would, I cannot: and if I could, I would not, so farewell.

No way yours.

To

To one who is not really what she seems.

Admiſe not though I raile againſt thy fol-
lies, ſince thy merciles minde hath abuſed
me by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections
have delineated theſe impreſſions of my pen :
For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was
when I knew not, that thy ill conditions, like
bad commodities, were to be put off with it ;
but now, making uſe of reaſon, I queſtion
whether at that time I had ſence; perſwade thy
ſelf therefore, if I were to dye preſently, and
thou wert part of that, I ſhould leave the
world, I would bequeath thee with thy good
face, and bad conditions, for a legacie to my
moſt inveterate enemy. And for my own part,
whiſt I doe ſurvive, and thy remaining upon
this earth, yet afflicts me. Be confident thou
painted ſepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vi-
ces, that the world, by reading thy Volume,
may ſhun thee as the onely obſtacle to felici-
tie, and learne the wages of vertue, by thoſe
things that are thy contraries : for the preſent,
admire not, though this paper be ſtained with
the blemiſhes of thy ill name, ſince nature her
ſelf was deceived ; which beſtowed her fea-
tures ſo raſhly, and inconfiderately on thee.
Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my
mind, that by thee I might learne, to know
that

that a good face is not alwayes exempted from a hoarse voyce: *I* protest to thee *I* would not buy the distempers of thy soule at so high a rate as to enjoy thy beauty, much rather will *I* endeavour to expresse my gratitude to heaven, in that *I* faile not to practise this resolution,

Never to enjoy thee.

Her Answer.

Wonder not, *Sir*, though you see an answer to your frantick Letter, doe you thinke by brawling like a Begger to become a King? No *Sir*, as *I* know your knaverie, so *I* passe not for it, neither can your brags go for payment: *I* marvaile not though your dogged Letters savour of *Diogenes* doctrine, you Cynicall Dunce, what felicitie can you have in biting those of whom otherwise thou canst not be revenged? indeed, gentle *Balaams* Ass, if *I* had been so light to have loved you, for feeding my fancie on thy ill-favoured face, *I* might justly have reapt such profit: since *I* then had filled my eyes so full with the figure of a foole; hereafter keep your Letters Pattents in your beggars box; adieu *Sir* Dunce, the more you mislike mee the better *I* love my selfe, whilst *I* account it the greatest felicitie of
S. M. To be rid of such a foole.

A Letter from a distressed Lover.

Madam,

AS my cares proceed from your cruelty,
 so let the effects of your courtesie procure my blisse, since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away, and is your only and ever,

Still in hope.

A Letter from a Lover professing constancy.

THEY who have the honour to see you run a dangerous fortune: if they love you, they are saucie; if they love not, they are without judgement. Now faire creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour; and from which, it is impossible for me to withdraw my selfe: thinke it not hard cruell Diana, that having seen you, I love you: if this boldnesse deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice; for I must while I live, be your servant, or not be alive,

Howe Farewell. *Winged Man**A Letter from an inconstant Lover.*

I Write not now to tell you that I love; for you have beleeyed it but too well; but to assure you that I shall love you no more, perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration.

M

fo

for you have alwaies loved me above my desires ; but that which drawes me from you, is, I must confesse, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves, or rather, my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poore a thing. And to the end you may live to complaine of me, I bid you for ever, Farewell.

aged ni 1112

Her Answer.

SIR, It was your arrogancie perswaded you I loved you, wherein you were most infinitelic mistaken : I sweare to thee by all the merits which thou thinkest thou hast, but are not in thee, there was never any such matter as love : As for the Letter you sent me, I cannot be unthankfull for the pleasure you have done me in it, since it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of such coxcombes as your selfe. In the meane time, be as content as I am, in being freed of such a burden : beleeve me, Sir, it is no small happinesse, Farewell.

A Lover to his inconstant Mistress.

IT is not to complaine of you, *Mistress*, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes, which make me so contemned of you, since at other times you were not

wont

wont to use me in this sort: I am the same man that have served you in all respective submission, and you are the same that at first were mine, since you received me for yours. I am become no lesse, nor you greater; if it be so, why doe you not judge me worthie of the same entertainment? I have called my soule to an account for her actions, since it pleaseth you, I will display them all before your eies: for my part, I cannot accuse any one of them, if you shall judge otherwise when you have heard them. It shall be no small consolation to the poore condemned, to know at least the cause of his punishment; adieu cruell one.

A Letter.

I F love taught me as well to speake my torment, as to sustaine it: pittie would make you sensible of my plaints, but dumbe in their too much sufferance. I have but my constancie, for remedie, that is all my hope; your sweetnesse for my desire; and your command, for mine honour, *Mistress*, for my qualitie is,
Your most humble servitour.

Another.

S Ince your merits cause my torment, I will never complaine; the more rigorous you

shall be, the more constantly I will oppose all my respects, to your neglects ; my honours, to your disdain ; and my fire, to your Ice : if I breathe, it shall be Love ; if I sigh, it shall be in passion for your service : in a word, if I be, I will be,

Mistris, Your Servitour.

Letter.

TO have no soul, but to adore you ; to have no heart, but to love you ; and but one only life, for your service, have you not cause to complaine ? You, whose beautie hath so many charmes ; and merits, so many habits, that one would detest this name of libertie, to dye your slave. Should one talke of miracles, you are the example ; in discourse of rarities, you are above comparisons ; so that heaven and nature are in dispute, for whom you were made. Now to say, I am your servitour, that is a qualitie too high ; too say I am your slave, that's yet too lofty. Behold my Sirname, now give me what name you please.

Letter.

IF for desiring death, one were to lose his life I should have been gone long since : for too much love, makes me hate my selfe ; but I think I should still live, and lengthen my

daies : and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer : I flie that which flies me, the grave: so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am,

Mistris, Alwaies your servitour.

Another.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by consequent, to die. Have you resolved my death, by disdaining my services, thus to forget their requitall? It is too much rigour, for your beautie : which you will confesse it one day, but too little for your repentance ; for I shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistris*,
The most humble of all your servants.

A Letter.

M*istris*, Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, what would you have me to doe (*my dearest?*) I must change my heart, if I would change my affection; and nature must give me other inclinations; to deprive you of my respects, and of my obedience: forbid me to live rather; and I will dye, but it shall be for love, and so at the price of my daies, I shall doe you service, leaving this truth for a remembrance to after times.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistris.

IT is you, *Faine creature*, that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my selfe, to remember you perpetually. Doe not thinke, that unlesse I see you shortly, I can longer survive, whereby I might continue the affections of my services to you: So that two things will infallible bring me to my grave; your absence, and my griefe, for not acquitting my selfe towards you, as I desire. Choose now (*faine soule*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to see me daily offer you up the fruits of my services, upon the altar of your merits, in the qualitie of

Your most loyall, and most affectionate
Servitour.

A Letter of a Gentleman evill spoken of, for the love of his Mistris.

SOME one that is envious of my happines, shad a minde to calumnie me towards you, and to perswade you, that I have shewed some testimonies of affection to another besides you, who have sooner beleevd it of me, then I should have done of you, if the like had been reported to me. Shall I accuse you then? Or shall I excuse my selfe? For you make me an overture for both. Should I excuse my selfe
That

That would make me guiltie in some sort: and if I accuse you not, I shall witnesse that I honour you, and love you still, as your owne faithfull purchase.

A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentleman, and his Mistress.

I thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we swore so solemnly. But I perceive already, the change hath better pleased you, then the continuance of my services. I know not whom I shall accuse, you, or my selfe; for possibly, the long time I have bin without seeing you, is the cause of it, or else you have been drawne too by your own naturall inclination. Make me what answer you please, No earthly thing shall hinder me from loving you; for I had rather abuse a thousand deaths, then to be inconstant in my love: and will flie, with the hazard of my life, the reproach of disloyalty (whether you will or no. Your Servitour inviolably.)

A letter of a Gentleman after a visit.

Mistress, The honour I received in the late visit I made to my deare Cozen at your house, hath so obliged me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a hainous fault, if by some honest endeavour, I should

not witnesse a feeling of it. If ever I have the happines to see you at my home, which is also yours, I shal endeavour to make you as welcom as I can; I conjure you to come to see my sister, as you have promised her; otherwise, farewell all friendship: yet not so neverthelesse, but that in the meane space I desire to continue,

Mistrie, Your Couzen and best friend.

A Letter of a fond maid that disdained the Service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also.

Forsake that maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulnesse. Shee hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy; her small acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgement may shew you how little shee hath. You cannot but get by the losse of her: if you lose a Sweet-heart you gaine a liberty; you should keep some love for your selfe, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, doe not hate your selfe for all that. If Fortune give you any thing, shee will be well rewarded; but if she should take a heart from you, thinke it was not yours: That wheresoever you goe, you may remaine content

content, and love not what is contrary to you, unlesse you will contradict him, that loves you dearly,

Even to the grave.

A Letter of love between two Lovers.

YOU have made me seele, faire *Ca'estena*; the ardent sparkles of your friendship; the memory whereof I shall still honour, and esteem my self a great deal the more fortunat; if my happineffe may prove more extreame, and I consume in its flames, my soule shall then live with a thousand delights, and my heart resume new life in its ashes. And that I may be thus condemned to this wished punishment, do not let your faire mind conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, since constancy shall be ever its faithfull companion, and the fire which kindled it, shall never be quenched, though it were combated by the most leie proceedings or feares you might have of your envyers. What if it were so, yet should they melt, as soone as they doe but contemplate the Sun-beams of my discretion. You may as wel assure your self of these effects of my words, as I doe of the consummation of my hopes, which have no other scope than to serve your merits, and to fit up to your use.

Your faithfull *Floridon*, &c.

A Letter in Answer.

Our desires are my Lawes (deare *Florinda*) and your loyalty cannot finish, but with mine: they shall both alike shine bright over our lives, and nourish themselves with our flames: wherein I shall think my selfe very happy to live with you. That silence which knit up my tongue at your faire discourses, proceeded onely out of fear: you might know so much by my exteriour signes, which sufficiently shewed you, how forely it grieved me for your sweet self: for I would not have you to esteem me to be fearefull of the fierie sparks of the envious, since nothing can withstand that faithfull love, which from henceforward is contracted by

Your deare *Calista*, &c.

Another.

If my stedfast love were not answered by yours, (deare *Calista*) I should have reason to complaine of you, and my complaints would bee such, as never to admit of any interruption; but so as for ever to open the gates to my sorrowes: for when I read your Letter, which is an article of my faith, and that you suffer a thousand tortures for my love: I doubt not but envy hath been buzzing something in my Parents eares of our affections, and that *Felicity* her selfe, as jealous

of our contents, might put such a poor trick upon us. But you have so faire a soule, and so generous, that you will constantly repulse all those onsets, to honour still with your love,

Your faithfull Floridon.

A Letter in answer.

Pleasures are of short continuance, and their faire dayes are too soon eclipsed: we cannot promise our selves a long enjoyment of them, since they are in the hands of the great *Iehovah*. It is constancy that gives us happinesse, after all our adversities. You were the subject of my best sorrows (deare *Floridon*) but now your presence serves mee for Sun beames: though indeed some doubts of future obstacles doe even burie me in an obscure night of anguish. And were it not that joy followes sorrow, I had ere this skipt over the step of this life of mine, to be free of my paine. But time will one day give us the happinesse to make each other friends, by receiving utury for our patience. Be comforted then in your self, and consider well with your serious discretion, (though I am thus now overwhelmed with my feares, yet we are almost at the spire of our felicities, which shall attaine at, I hope shortly, or it shall be fault of hers, who is

Your faithfull Calista, in as much as you desire
With honour.

*A Letter in demand of his Mistresses
Picture.*

Madam,

That beautifull substance whose Features and graces you animate with so much sweetnesse, appears in my sight so admirable in the original, that it would be my greatest happinesse, but to obtaine the shadow: it will (if you please to honour me in this my request) be a noble meanes: of my testifying thereforment in quality.

*A Letter of Sir I. S. to T. C. dissuading him
from marrying of a Widdow.* 148

SIR, At this time when the hot Planet fires the blond, and when the Lunatick of Bedlam themselves are trusted abroad that now you should run mad, is it not too much a subject for your friends pittie: as their wonder, it is, true love is a naturall distemper, a kind of a small poxe, every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better: thus far you are excused: but having been well cured of a Fever to Countess Lalaps, to make love the second time in the same late, is not to flatter you, neither better nor worse then to fall into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpose: it is not love, Sir, that doth the mischief, but constancy

constancy of love; for love is of the nature of a burning Glass, which held still to one place fires, changed doing doth nothing; a kind of a gloaming Coale, which being shifted from hand to hand, a man may easily endure. But then to marry, Sir, you had better live honest. Love you know is blinde; what will hee not doe, when he hath setters, and knowes then what mariage is; 'tis a curing of love the dearest way, a waking of a losing gamster out of a winning dreame; after a long expectation of a strange banquet, a presentation of a homely meale. alas Sir, Love-seeds when they run into Matrimony are good for nothing; like some fruit-trees, love must be transplanted if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing: you have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed to some one face, and think that you have not left any thing unsaid to it. Doe but make love to another, and if you are not suddenly furnished with new language and fresh Oathes, Ile conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse then ever he did any of his traine: after all this to marry a widdow is a kind of a chewed meat; what a fantastick stomach hath thou, that canst not taste of a dish untill another man hath eat? who would wash after another, when he may have fresh water for calling for? if you must needs marry, as who can

to what height you have sinned : marry a maid : for if you are constrained to live in a prison, it is better to lye in a private chamber, than in the hole.

Yours.

Short and easie directions for inditing of Letters.

What a Letter is. H.E.S.

IT is a kind of a conference, or communication of one that is absent, with another as if he were present.

Why Letters were indited.

To informe friends in the time of their absence of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Severall kinds of Letters, with their use and Applications.

Letters Demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open, the particulars of a business.

Letters Conciliatorie of Counsell, are branched into those of perswasion, or of diswasion : these ought to be deliberative and judicall, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the Commendation or dispraise of the person or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or Petitionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessa-

necessarie: they should be ever set off with modesty, desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are morall and civill, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, should be full of passions, honestly expressed, full of sweet invitations, pleasant and beautifull descriptions, pen'd with feare when despaire prevails, set off with confidence, when the Love-sick Inditer is incouraged.

Oeconomicall Letters of household affairs are to be plaine, and fraught with businesse concise, and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that imployes, according to his preheminance, or the others more servile relations.

Letters Gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them fervency of Expressions, and of acknowledgements.

Letters Accusatory, are when we touch the persons or actions of others: they are to be Indited with smooth pens, the ground of jealousie examined, lest they appear censorious, ever concluding with a dislike and unwillingnesse of him that writes them.

them, and a profession of ingenuous love to him he writes too.

Letters Exeufatory of clearing, or pleading for our felves, or others, fhould bee fubmiffive, with reference to better judgments: yet not without extenuations, but fuch as Modelftly may gaine upon the perufers candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of Newes, fhould bee impartiall, but alwayes (except upon certaine knowledge) fet off with a kind of diffidence, fo it is given out or reported, left the Inditer betrayes his credit, and feems to him hee writes too, to be a falifier of truth, the veniall finne of the times. (as fome of our intelligencers, conftant practifes would make us believe,

How a Letter fhould be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the perfon: or his affairs, and fo take its beginning from the rice of fuch things as we are to write of.

How a Letter fhould be adorned.

It is to be beautified with Flowers of expreffions, flourifhed with fimilitudes, and grave fentences, enriched and made faine with fervent vowes and tenders of
 fervice

service. In a word it should be most complementally fluent in the neatnesse and fitnesse of the Epithites, comparifons, and circumstances.

How the formes of salutation ought to be ordered.

They are to be such as are most Court-like, and in fashion with the nation, time, person, and circumstances as any of them in the Method or phrase may admit of variation.

Generall Directions for the stiles and Superfcriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and consider the persons relation, and qualifications, how he is honour'd in the Common-wealth, and so accordingly make use of seasonable, and fit applications, devising of such Titles, Words, and expressions as are answerably requisite in respect of his preheminnence of place, or supremacy of authority, either in Civill or Ecclesiasticall matters; more particular Directions; for Superfcriptions and Subscriptions follow in their order.

Stiles

Stiles and Termes used to the King, or Queens
Majesty, either in our Speech, or in Super-
scriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you present anything.

Sir, May it please your Majestie.

If you write in forme of a Petition to the King.

Sir, May it please your Majestie to understand, or to
grant.

To the Queen.

Madam, may it please your Majestie.

*On the superscription of some businesse, directed both to the
King and Queen.*

To the most excellent, and most high, Cesar, Augustus.

To the most excellent, most mightie Lady, the Queen.

*A Stile used by men of quality, when they speake to the
King.*

Sir, May it please your Majestie.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it please your Majestie.

Stiles used to the Nobilitie in our Supercriptions are di-
verse; but the most generall are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.

To the Right Honourable.

Or otherwise,

To the Honourable.

To persons of more inferiour degrees.

To the Right Worshipfull.

Or otherwise,

To the Worshipfull.

*Supercriptions With Subscriptions adjoynd to
them, as they are most properly applied.*

To the most sacred, most gracious, most High, most
mighty,

mightie, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of great Brittain, &c.

Your Majesties most faithfull and obedient Subject.

To the most Illustrious Prince.

To the most renowned Duke.

To the Right Honourable Earle.

To the Right Worshipfull Knight.

To the Worshipfull Esquire.

To the most just and upright Iudge.

To the most circumspect and prudent States-man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To professors of Sciences: if Rhetoricians, to the most eloquent, most learned,

To the approved Philitian.

To Logicians, the terme of most subtile or cunning.

To Poets, the stile of the sacred adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the superscriptions of skillfull, wise, singular, and learned.

To the Right Honourable.

Your Honours most humbly devoted.

To his Honourable Lord,

Your Honours in all duty and service.

To the Honourable, and his highly respected Lady.

Your Honours to command: Or, Your Honours devoted.

To the worthie and Noble. *Ever yours to serve you.*

To the Right Honourable, and his highly esteemed Patron, *Your Honours observant.*

To those of consanguinitie thus:

To his most loving, well beloved, right good Father,

Your obedient Son.

To his most deare, most loving Mother,

Your dutifull Son.

To his beloved, and most affectionate Sister,

Your loving Brother.

To his dearly beloved wife, *Your most loving Husband.*

- To his loving Vnkle. *Your observant kinsman.*
 To the honourable Colonell. *Yours sworne to worthinesse.*
 To the only life of his desires, *Your afflicted friend.*
 To the fulnesse of his contentment. *Your living and dying friend.*
 To the only hope of his Fortunes. *The honourer of your matchlesse perfections.*
 To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman. *Yours in death it selfe.*
 To his best choice. *Yours in the midst of feare.*
 To his vertuous, and dearly beloved. *Yours ever resolved.*
 To the Mistris of his thoughts. *Yours dying in constancy.*
 To his beloved friends. *Yours assured.*
 To the lovingest of all my friends. *Yours inseparably*
 To his highly esteemed friend. *Yours, as I have professed,*
 To his tried and trusty friend. *Not living without you.*
 To his honorable friend. *Yours in true friendship.*
 To her newly displeased friend. *Yours if you wrong her not.*
 To her best resolved friend. *Yours wheresoever.*
 To his well-advised friend. *Yours, and vertues.*
 To his loving and long expected friend. *Yours with good wishes.*
 To his respected friend. *Yours well assured.*
 To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
 To her much disquieted friend. *Yours in honourable love.*
 To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate kinsman.*
 To his dearest brother. *Yours in all occasions.*
 To his well experienced & much esteemed noble friend. *Yours as you can desire.*
 To his well disposed friend. *Yours to trust one'y.*
 To her dearest husband. *Your ever loving wife.*
 To his much disordered friend. *Yours in reformation.*

- To his unkind friend. *Tours, if you will have it so.*
 To his ill-advised Son. *Your displeased Father.*
 To his miserable rich friend. *Tours, if you can be your own.*
 To the worthy Lady. *Tours as a lover of Honour.*
 To her unkind Husband. *Your true wife till death.*
 To his perjur'd and lascivious wife. *Your Husband if you doe not divide him.*
 To her jealous husband. *Tours in her very thoughts.*
 To his suddenly displeased friend. *Tours when you conceive a right of me.*
 To his well-resolved friend. *Tours whilst mine owne.*
 To her unkinde friend. *Tours, and yet displeased.*
 To his honourable and good friend. *Tours, if you thinke me worthy.*
 To his well esteemed friend. *Tours most dutifull, if you will accept of Humiliation.*
 To his true helping friend. *Tours recovered.*
 To his worthy friend, Adventurer in the Straites. *Tours undivided, though far off.*
 To his Noble and constant friend. *Tours, though amongst Infidels.*
 To his respected, and worthy friend. *Tours, as you have made me.*
 To his carefull friend. *Yours mindfull of you.*
 To the worthy Doctor. *Your sicke patient.*
 To his honourable, valiant, hardy, mercifull, worthy Cap-
 taine. *Tours, though we never meet againe.*
 To his approved friend. *Tours in all places, and at all times.*
 To his especiall friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
 To the most perfect of Women. *Tours in the midst of temptation.*
 To his honourable enemy. *Tours ready for all danger.*
 To his well deserving friend. *Tours unsained.*
 To his over-suspicious friend. *Tours to trust only.*
 To his wilfull and seduced friend. *Your poore abused friend.*

*For the Readers greater pleasure and varietie,
these Subscriptions are here onely placed by themselves.*

Your carefull Father.

Your dutiful Sonne.

Your loving Master.

Your obedient Servant.

Usque ad aras.

The unfortunate.

Your well-wishing friend.

In all humble dutie.

Ever thine.

Thy discontented friend.

In all obedience.

Faithfully yours.

Thy true friend

Yours, more then mine owne.

Never lesse his owne.

Thy most constant friend.

As you shall determine of me.

Affectionately devoted to your service.

Your loving Landlord.

Your Worships poore Tenant to command.

Thy sometimes friend.

Ours not safe till I enjoy you.

Ours irremoveably.

Ours prepared to suffer.

Ours, in boundlesse affection.

Your Servant in all humility.

Your Honour most obliged.

Ours most passionately, loyally, & perpetually devoted.

Ours, as far as modesty will suffer me.

Ours, if you please to accept of me.

Ours, as I finde cause.

Your

Your best Counsellor.
 Your injured Mistris.
 Your affectionate poore friend.
 Once thy friend.
 Your intire Vassall.
 Remaining your friend.
 Yours in respective duty.
 Yours as a lover of vertue.
 Yours fearefully loving.
 Yours, well-affected.
 Your plaine and true friend.
 Your Worships to be commanded.
 Your friend to his abilitie
Anima dimidium tue.
 Yours in unutterable affection.
 Your loyall Wife.
 Your imprisoned friend.
 No longer your friend.
 Yours wholly, and onely, if you will.
 Yours; so I may be mine owne.
 Thine, or not my selfe.
 Your distressed Debtor.
 Yours, as you shall deserve by your service.
 Your sorrowful friend.
 Yours, what you will.
 Your forsaken friend.
 Your vowed Servant.
 Your enemy till death.
 Your friend, whether you will or no.
 Your true love.
 Yours ever to his power.
 One, alwayes yours.
 Thine owne from all the world.
 Yours, in all good sort to be entertained.
 Your friend confirmed in all fidelity.
 Thine to the end.

Delirious of your reformed imagination.

Yours, more sorry for your ill-conditions, than for the wrong you have done me.

Your faithfull and ready friend.

Your most humble and passionate Servant.

Yours in the infrangible bonds of affection.

The servant of your worthy vertues.

Yours most respectfully ingaged.

Your ever friend and servant.

Your Lordships unfained honourer, and loyall Servant.



The Post-script.

Worthy Reader, I hope it will fare with thee now, as with a guest, whose eye being first allured with a magnificent Banquet: His appetite is the better pleased, when he hath relished some of those dainties: so having but at the first delighted the eye of thy fancy, with the Architecture of the Frontis-peece of this Booke; and since with a more discreet Perusall, you have now taken a view of every roome. I know thou canst not but bee wonderfully pleased with the whole Building and Fabricke of this Academy: Love and Eloquence led thee with pleasure into it, may thy content and favourable censure let thee forth againe.

Thine,

Philomusus.

A

*Table for the understanding
of the hard ENGLISH words
contained in this Book.*

A

A Cute Witty.
Amiable, Lovely.
Apt Fit.
Austere Sharpe.
Aspire To look high.
Abstemious, Temperate.
Amplifie To enlarge.
Advertise To advise.
Augment To increase.
Aspect To look upon.
Absurd Foolish.
Applaud To like.
Altitude Height.
Acknowledgement Confes-
sion.
Attractive Drawn to.
Aspiration Breathing.
Abhorre To hate.
Audacious Bold.
Alacritie Cheerfulness.
Apparent Open.
Abjure To forswear.
Active Nimble.
Anguish Griefe.
Appertinent Belonging to.
Auspicious Betokenning
success.
Abruptly Unorderly.
Ambiguity Doubtfulness.

Arrogant Proud.
Accomodate To make fit.
Aggravate To make more
grievous.
Adverse Contrary.
Apprehension Understan-
ding.
Affable Courteous.
Artificially workman-like.
Affectation, Curiosity.
Academy University.
Amity Friendship.
Abbreviate To shorten.
Ardent Hot.
Adorne To beautifie.
Antipathy Contrariety.
Adore To worship.
Affectionate Loving.
Accurate Curious.
As To doe, or performe.
Accident Chance.
Assent To agree to.
Accomplish To finish.
Amaze To strike with
wonder.
Admire To wonder at.
Absolutely Fully.
Adventure To hazard.

Beneficiall. Profitable.
 Bliss. Happinesse.
 Blush. Blushing.
 Brevity. Shortnesse.
 Benevolence. Good will.
 Brutt. Report.
 Barbarian. A rude person.
 Benitude. Blessednesse.
 Besiege. To set upon or
 court.

Complexion. Constitution
 of body.
 Convince. To confute.
 Creduline. Rashnesse of be-
 liefe.
 Celestiall. Heavenly.
 Civill. Honest behaviour.
 Comprehend. To containe.
 Circumspect. Wisedom.
 Celebrate. To keep solemn-
 ly.
 Compassion. Pity.
 Consequent. Following by
 order.
 Correspondent. Answera-
 ble.
 Contrite. sorrowfull.
 Capiety. Largenesse of
 place.
 Circumstance. Quality of
 time and place.
 Condescend. To agree to.
 Cogitation. Thought.
 Calastrophy. The end.
 Credible. To be believed.
 Contribution. Bestowing.
 Consigne. To establish.
 Casualty. Chance.
 Compose. To torne.
 Clemency. Gentlenesse.
 Convenient. Fit.
 Consecrate. To make holy.

Center. A circle.
 Competent. Convenient.
 Circumvent. To receive.
 Compendious. Short.
 Certifie. To give to under-
 stand.
 Confer. To talke together.
 Corrivals. Partners in af-
 fection.
 Contract. To covenant.
 Circumscribe. To compasse
 about.
 Commencement. The be-
 ginning.
 Contempible. To be despi-
 sed.
 Commemoration. Remem-
 bryng.
 Circumlocution. Many
 words.
 Converse. To be familiar.
 Continent. Chaste.
 Charms. Spells or witch-
 craft.
 Conduct. Guiding, gover-
 ning.
 Curiousitie. Nearenesse.

Direct. to rule or guide.
 Distracted. Mad.
 Dvert. To turne from
 another.
 Divulge. To publish.
 Delineat. To draw a pro-
 portion.
 Desist. Leave off.
 Dissimilitude. Unlikenesse.
 Disperse. To scatter abroad.
 Dicty. God-head.
 Disloyall. Untrusty.
 Distinguish. To put a diffe-
 rence.
 Decipher. To describe or
 lay open.

Distant, Place between.
 Dispose, To appoint.
 Deformed, Ill shapen.
 Disturbe, To disquiet.
 Dialect, A manner of speech.
 Define, To shew what a thing is.
 Dissolve, To unloose.
 Disswade, To perswade to the contrary.
 Discuss, To search narrowly.
 Digresse, to leave a matter.
 Decent, Comely.
 Disanull, To make void.
 Dilate, To enlarge.
 Destitute, Forsaken.
 Delame, To slander.
 Designate, Appointed.
 Disputable, Questionable.
 Determine, To conclude.
 Deciare, To give for ever.
 Dismiss, To send away.
 Difficult, Hard.
 Defraude, To deceive.
 Desortion, Leaving.
 Display, To spread abroad.
 Dexterity, Apriness.
 Dejected, Cast down.
 Demeanor, Behaviour.
 Disuse, To poure out.
 Disability, Unableness.
 Deprive, To take away.
 Disjunction, Dividing.
 Deride, To mocke.
 Dismall, Unluckie.
 Dissident, Doubtfull.
 Delude, To deceive.
 Dissens, To disagree.
 Depend, To hang upon.
 Deliberate, To take counsel.
 Dehort, to perswade to the contrary.

Degenerate, to fall off from goodnesse.
 Defects, Weaknesse of capacity.
 Dissipate, Scatter abroad.
 Expression, Laying open of any thing.
 Expert, Skillfull.
 Extract, to draw out.
 Exact, Perfect.
 Erroneous, Full of errors.
 Effect, A thing done.
 Embleme, A shadow of a thing.
 Evident, Plaine.
 Expect, to wait or looke for.
 Exempt, Free.
 Extinguish, to put out.
 Efficacy, Force.
 Enflame, to set on fire.
 Expedient, Fit.
 Expire, to dye.
 Extenuate, to lessen.
 Essence, the being of a thing.
 Echo, A sound.
 Experiment, Tryall.
 Extend, to spread forth.
 Elaborate, Curious.
 Exhibit, to bestow.
 Expostulate, to chide with.
 Evasion, A escape.
 Eclipse, Darknesse of the Sun.
 Ex tempore, Without study.
 Examine, to trouble the mind.
 Education, Bringing up.
 Epichere, A little given to any thing.
 Expence, Cost.
 Exasperate, to anger.

Evitable To be shunned.
 Excessive Too much.
 Effeminate Too womanish.
 Exorable To be intreated.
 Elegancy Finenesse of
 speech.
 Expedition Speed.
 Urgent Necessity.
 Election Choice.
 Explicite Unfolded.
 Elocution Good expre-
 ssion.
 Exile Banished.
 Explicite To declare.
 Estimate Price or rate.
 Enjoy Keep or possess.
 Engaged Indebted.
 Event End, success.
 Extraordinary More then
 common.

F
 Fivulous Trifling.
 Fortunate Happy.
 Fiction A tale.
 Parall Morall.
 Fortitude Valour.
 Fervent Hot.
 Fulgent Glistering.
 Figurative Shadowed.
 Faculty Power or ability.
 Finite Having an end.
 Fruition Enjoying.
 Fabulous Fained.
 Fraudulent Deceitfull.
 Fragrant Smelling Sweet.
 Fallacy Deceit.
 Fidelity Trustiness.
 Fantastike Imagination.
 Felicity Happines.
 Feature Shape.
 Foundation Ground-works.
 Falshe To breake ones
 word.

G
 Gaiety To pleasure.
 Genuine Naturall.

Gratulate To be glad.
 Generosity Nobility.
 Glorifie To give honour.

H
 Abitude Disposition.
 Heroicall becoming a
 Noble-man
 Harmony Agreement.
 Hereditary by succession.
 Habit Apparell.

I
 Improper Unfit.
 Incident Happning.
 Introduction Entrance.
 Issue Event.
 Immature Unripe.
 Improvident Carelesse.
 Irefull Angry.
 Iudicious Understanding.
 Indulgence Sufferance.
 Imprudent Ignorant.
 Illustrate To make plaine.
 Inamoured In love.
 Immutabile Unchangable.
 Ineffable Unspeakable.
 Include Shut in.
 Ignoble Of base birth.
 Interpret To expound.
 Insolent Proud.
 Incurre To run into.
 Invektive Speaking against.
 Indignation Anger.
 Immaculate Unspotted.
 Incommodious Overfull.
 Instinct An inward mo-
 tion.
 Intricate Doubtfull.
 Improbable Not to be pro-
 ved.
 Interrupt To let
 Induce To move to.
 Impediment Hindrance.
 Incommunicable Not to be
 imparted.

Intollerable Insufferable,
Intercept To prevent,
Impenetrable Not to be
pierced.

Isid La stay upon:
Indecent Not comely,
Interdict To forbid,
Imperious Desiring rule,

Infallible, Not deceivable,
Institute To appoint,
Intimate To signify.

Intermission breaking off,
Implore Desire with tears,
Impertinent Not per-

taining,
Implacable Not to be
pleased.

Insult To triumph,
Incompatible Insufferable,
Instable Inconstant,

Individuall Not to be par-
ted.

Inspire To breathe into,
Inculpable Without fault,
Incomprehensible Not to be
conceiv'd.

Incessible Not to be per-
ceiv'd.

Incredulous Hardly to be
beleeved.

Inseparable Not to be divi-
ded.

Intent To earnestly bent,
Integrity Purity,

Intense Without feeling,
Indisposition backward-

ness.

L

Languish skilfull in
tongues,

Leaky Gentleness,

Labyrinth Full of win-
dings.

Loyall Obedient, true
Languishing Pining
Literature Learning,
Laudible worthy of praise,
Lascivious Wanton,
Luster brightness.

M

Mollise To make
soft.

Maxime A principle,
Mutable Changable,

Manifest Open,
Metamorphosis Changing

of shape,

Magnificent sumptuous
Mitigate To wadge,

Mentall belonging to the
mind,

Malecontent Discontent,
Mature Ripe,

Mirror A glasse,
Metaphor Similitude,

Muses Goddesses of lear-
ning.

Menace To threaten,
Morality Civill behaviour

Multiplicity Variety,
Magicians Sorcerers, wit-

ches.

Melancholy Griefe, sadness,
Merits Deserts.

N

Nuptiall belonging to
marriage,

Notion Inward knowledg.

Nuncupatory Declaring,
Native Where one is
born.

M

Oppo-

Opposite Contrary
 Odious Hatefull.
 Originall First beginning.
 Obscure Darke.
 Object A thing set against.
 Oratory Eloquent speech.
 Obsequious Serviceable.
 Officious Dutifull.
 Obdurate Hardened.
 Omit To let passe.
 Opprobrious Reproachfull.
 Obliged Bound to.
 Occurrences Occasions.
 Omittious Signifies good or
 ill lucke.
 Operation Effect.
 Observant Dutifull.
 Odoriferous Smelling
 Sweetly.
 Ornament Adorning.
 Opprobrious Reproachfull.
 Ordained Appointed.

Propitious Favourable.
 Ponderous Weighty.
 Period End of a sentence.
 Prolix tedious.
 Persist To continue.
 Parragon A patterne or ex-
 ample.
 Prostrate To fall on the
 ground.
 Perplexity Trouble.
 Placable Easy to please.
 Progress Going forward.
 Position A question disputa-
 ted.
 Paradox A strange speech.
 Project A plot.
 Prefixed Set before.
 Patronize To defend.
 Promiscuous Confused.
 Perfidious Traiterous.

Polish make faire.
 Prohibit To forbid.
 Pretermitt To passe over.
 Permanent Continuing.
 Precipitate To cast downe.
 Prose cure Follow after.
 Prejudice To hinder.
 Permission Sufferance.
 Procrastinate To Delay.
 Perspicuous Cleare.
 Prescription Limitation.
 Participate To partake.
 Personate To counterfeit
 a person.
 Probable Proved true.
 Perpetuity Continuance.
 Phantasie Imagination.
 Peculiar Proper.
 Patheticall full of passions.
 Perfections gifts of nature.
 Perfumes Sweet smells.
 Passionately Truly loving.
 Perpetuall Everlasting.

Rigorous Cruell.
 Repulse to drive backe.
 Rusticall Unmannerly.
 Reject To cast away.
 Reduce To bring backe.
 Revolve To determine in
 the minde.
 Resemblance Likenesse.
 Ratifie To confirme.
 Relique to give to another.
 Repeale to call back againe.
 Repute To esteem.
 Resplendent Shining
 bright.
 Rediculous to be laught at.
 Reserve To keep.
 Reall Substantiall.
 Reiterate Repeate againe.
 Respite To defer.
 Remit To forgive.

Refractory Obstinate.
Re assume To take againe.
Remunerate Reward.
Reliques The remainder.
Refe·ence Pointing at.
Regall Princely.
Retribution A reward.
Resulgent Shining.
Reflection Casting backe.
Reputation Credit, good
name.

Relect To look, cast an eye.
Remaine To continue
constant.
Reprovable To be blamed.
Rarities Things hard to be
found.

S

Svpreame Highest.
Splendene Shining
Succeed To follow;
Structure Building.
Serenity Calmnesse.
Sympathy Fellow-feeling.
Supposition Thinking.
Solicite To move.
Succinct Short.
Suspence A doubt.
Sable Black or mournfull.
Submisse Lowly.
Superiority Above another.
Select Chosen out.
Subsequent Following.
Spacious Large.
Sustaine To suffer.
Seduce To deceive,
Sublimity Height.
Survive To out-live.
Soveraigne Highest autho-
rity.
Straple a doubt.
Superfluous Needlesse.

Symmetre Due proportion
of parts.
sensual Whittish.
Stupisie To astonish.
Simplicity Plainnes.
Subsist To abide.
Society Fellowship.
servile Slavish.
Suspicious Doubtfull.
Sutable Agreeable.

T

Tresses Locks of haire.
Transcendent Climing
over.
Timorous Fearefull.
Triumphant Reioycing in
victory.
Tedious Troublesome.
Transforme To change.
Terrene Earthly.
Tranquility Quietnes.
Tolerable May be suf-
fered.
Tragicall Sorrowfull.
Temporize To serve the
times.
Transparent May be seen.
Tuent Opinion.

V

Vniversall Generall.
Vnanimity Of one
mind.
Virall Lively.
Variable Changable.
Value Esteem.
Vulgar Common.
Vndervalue Discommend.
Vigorous strong and lusty.

W

VV reach Garland
or Crowne.

*A short Table of the delightfull fictions of Hea-
then Poets, with other usefull Collections out
of ancient and moderne Historians.*

Of the Gods.

Apollo, the God of Learning, and of the Muses.

Eolus, the blustering God of the Winds.

Bacchus, the God of Wine, and good fellows.

Cupid, the God of Love, the Son of **Venus**, whom the Poets describe blinde, with a bow in his hand, and two arrows of different effects; the one tipped with gold, to cause Love; the other, with Lead, to force disdain.

Demogorgon and **Tellus**, Gods of the Earth.

Fannus, Gods of the Woods and Forrests.

Glauco, A fisher-man turned into a Sea-God.

Harpocrates, the God of Silence.

Hercules for his 12 Labors adored as a God.

Janus, An Italian King, for his extraordinarie knowledge of times and seasons, was pictured with two faces, and deified.

Himen, the God of Marriage.

Jupiter, the Planet whom the Poets feigned to be the God of Heaven.

Mars, the God of War.

Momus, the Criticall God.

Morpheus, the sleepy God.

Mercury, the God of Eloquence. A Messenger to the Gods.

Neptune, the Sea-God.

Pan, the God of Shepherds, and the carer for their flocks.

Penates, The household gods.

Sapbo, One that taught birds to cry, the great god
Sapbo,

Sapbo ; for which flight he was deified.

Priapus, The god of gardens.

Saturne and *Pluto*, gods of hell.

Serapis, The Egyptian god, worshipt in the forme of an Oxe.

Silvanus, The god of the woods.

Vertumnus, the Spring, deified.

Vulcan, The lame black Smith, husband to *Venus*,
The god of fire.

The Goddesses.

Æ *Geria*, the goddess from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his Lawes.

Astrea and *Themis*, the goddesses of Iustice.

Belona, The goddess of war.

Cibele, called *Rea Bericinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddess of chastity.

Egeria, the pregnant goddess of the wombe.

Flora and *Cloris*, goddesses of Flowers.

Feronia, the goddess of the woods.

Thebe and *Juventa*, the goddesses of youth.

Juno, The goddess of Riches, *Iupiters* jealous wife.

Laverina, The goddess of Theeves.

Lucina, The goddess of birth.

Anemofine, The mother of the goddesses called the Muses,

Murcia, The goddess of idlenesse.

Minerva, or *Pallas*, the goddess of the Arts and war.

Nemesis, The goddess of Revenge.

Parce, The goddess of the Destinies.

Pomona, The goddess of Fruits.

Proserpina, and *Ops*, the goddesses of Hell, sometimes the inconstant Moon, is called *Proserpina*.

Pisbo, The goddess of Eloquence.

Venus, The delightfull goddess of love and beaury.

Voluptia, The goddess of Ryots, and pleasures.

Vesta, The goddess of Chastity.

The Graces.

Aglai^o, Thalia, Euphrosine, the daughters of Iupiter and Venus: they were painted, holding hands in a ring, to signifie the truth of friendship, and pleasantnesse of conversation.

The Furies.

Alecto, Megura, Tisiphone, three snakye, tressed sisters, that punisht offenders.

The Destinies 3 Sisters.

Clotho puts the Wooll on the distaffe; Lachesis drawes the thread, Atropos cuts it off.

The Iudges of Hell.

Rac^{us}, Minos, Radamanthus.

The Hesperides.

Egle, Aretusa, Hippentusa, the three sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which Hercules slew, and tooke away the Apples.

The nine Muses.

Clio, Melpomene, Thalia, Euterpe, Terpsichone, Erato, Calliope, Urania, Polimnia.

Nymphs of the woods.

Dryades and Hamadriades.

Nymphs of the Medowes.

Limoniades.

The Nymphs of the Sea.

Neris, The goddesse of the Sea, with her Nymphs. Cimothea, Amothea, Dexamine, Crofis, Cymodaea, Zantho, with many others.

The

The seven Stars.

Ambrosia, Eudor, Pasubore, Coronis, Plexaura, Pitbo, and Tithes.

Naiades; Fairies of the waters.

Nappea, Fairyes of the Woods.

Of Beasts.

The Beaver highly esteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, Alexanders great horse.

Bores of Pannonia, the cruellest of all others.

Camelion, a small beast, lives by the aire: it is so transparent, that it changeth it selfe into any colour it sets on.

The Crocodile, by the river Ni'us in Ægypt, a beast of 30 foot in length: A woman for her faigned teares is compared to this beast.

Ermin, a small beast, whose rich Furre is worne of Princes.

Hiena, A beast that hath the voice of man, which in the night cals, and if comes too, kills him.

Libard, A spotted beast, the male of a Panther.

Lynx; A spotted beast like a Woolfe, of so perfect a sight, that it is said to looke through a wall.

Panther, A cruell beast, of a sweet smell, and of a faire spotted skin, With which she allureth other beasts to her, but least her head should affright, she hideth it, that she may the more easily prey upon them.

Pegasus, the horse of the Muses.

Rhinocere, A beast as big as an Elephant.

Salamander, A short venomous beast, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extreme cold, puts it out.

The Tyger, A swift beast, those of Hircania are the most cruell.

Of Birds.

HAlcion, By some called the Kings fisher, a bird that builds her nest in the Sea, when it is a signe of faire weather.

Griffin, a foure footed cruell Bird.

Harpies, Monstrous devowring Birds, *Virgill* sings of foure of them, *Æolo*, *Ocipote*, *Cilene*, *Tbiella*.

Ibis, A strong bird that destroyeth Serpents.

Ostrich, A huge Bird that swalloweth and digesteth Iron: her Feathers are our best Plumes.

Pelican, A melancholy bird, that wanting food, feeds her young with her owne bloud.

Phoenix, A rare Bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her nest in a Cynamon Tree, with the twigs of Frankincense, and other Spices: she lives sixe hundred years, with the labouring of her wings in the sunne, she setteth her nest on fire, and there consumeth in it, out of whose ashes, there growes a worme, and out of that worme another Phoenix.

Philomela, the ravished ravishing Nightingall, that sings her sad story so prettily.

Stork, a famous Bird for mutuall love to its Parents; this bird builds in Countries where there are no Kings.

Turtle Dove, A bird famous for constancy; if the male or female dye; the other ever liveth single.

Of Fishes.

Carburi, an admirable chaste fish.

Cephalus, A fearefull Fish, which by hiding of his head thinks he is safe.

Dolphin, The swiftest of Fishes, and lovingst to man.

Pelipe, A fish that hath many feet, often changing: the inconstant are resembled to this fish.

Rimora, A small fish that stayes a ship.

Sargur, An adulterous fish that ingenders with the Goat.

Eco'opendra, A Fish which taken with the hook, vomits out his bowels, looseth the hook, and then swalloweth them againe.

Sturgeon, A Fish whose Scales are turned backwards, swims against the stream.

Torpedo,

Torpedo, A Cramp-fish, that benumbeth the hands of those that touch it.

Of stones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardest, and most precious of all stones, which is softened by Goats bloud, being warmed, and steeped in it.

Bezar-Stone, of great esteeme in Physick.

Chrysolite, A stone which shineth brightest in the morning.

Jasper, A transparent stone of divers colours : it shewes fairest in silver.

The *Load-stone*, is coloured like unto rusty Iron : it hath a secret vertue, not onely to draw Iron to it selfe, but also to make Iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw Iron too : it loseth this vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with garlick.

Obeliske, Is a great Stone, large beneath, and rising still higher, smaller & smaller to the top, Pyramidis like.

Saphire, a stone of a cleare sky-colour, by nature cold.

Tapaz, A precious Stone, which put into boyling water, it presently cooleth.

Of Trees.

THe Corall-tree, groweth in the bottome of the sea: there are two sorts, red and white : the red is the best: either of them taken into the ayr, instantly wax hard.

Ebone, a black tree that beares neither leaves nor fruit.

Mandrake, a Tree that beareth apples : the barke of it is cold in the fourth Degree.

Myrtle, The Tree of *Venus* : 'tis low, and groweth in hot Countries.

The Pine-Tree; of these Ships are made : for that this tree is not subject to wormes, or rottennelle; but is green all the yeare ; the shadow of it suffers no other plant to grow neare it.

Sycamore, a shady tree that beares fruit 4 times a yeare.

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the Rivers of Hell.
Alpheus, The River where *Hercules* cleansed *Augens* Oxen.

Atbamus, A river in Theſſaly, whose water ſets wood on fire.

Cocytus, A river in Hell.

Helicon and **Aganippe**, Wells consecrated to the Muses.

Sylla and **Gharybdis**, two dangerous Sea-gulphs, in respect of contrary winds.

Stix, A river of hell.

Tiber, A famous river of Rome.

Avernus, A Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the supposed entrance into hell.

Pblegeton, A river of hell.

Danubius, A most famous river of Europe, it rises out of the hill *Arnoba* in Germany. It receives 60 rivers into it.

Etna, A hill of Italy, whence riseth horrible smoaks, and great flames of fire, and sometimes burning stones in great numbers are cast out of it.

Alps, the high mountaines, that divide Italy & France.

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, A two headed Serpent.

Aspe, A venomous Serpent, whose bite is deadly, famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queens death, who applyed two of them to her breast, to dye more insensible.

Basiliske, or **Cockatrice**, the King of Serpents, it breaketh stones, and blasteth all plants with its breathing, & frighteth away all other Serpents with hissing, if it be toucht with a long pole, or spies one afar off, it kils, they breed in the hot lands of Asia; the only ruine of this Serpent is the Weasell.

Hidra, The monstrous Serpent of the Lake of *Lerna*, that having one head chopt off by *Hercules*, immediately two grew againe.

Scorpion.

Scorpion, A most venomous Serpent, that eats her owne young.

Viper, A Serpent that engenders by putting his head into the Females mouth, which she bites off, her young eat their passage through her.

Of Mearmaides.

THe most famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, and *Benfia*; they are so called, because their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like Fishes. With their sweet singing, they allure Mariners till they fall asleep, and then they kill them.

Of Monsters.

C*erberus*, The dog of hell, that had 3 heads.

Chymra, which with the monster *Solmes*, was slaine by *Belerephon*.

Gorgon, A fearfull monster with one eye.

Medusa, A monster, whose golden haire *Minerva* turn'd into Adders, and caused those that beheld her, to be turn'd into stones.

Minotaur, half a man, and half a bull. This monster was slaine by *Theseus*.

Centaures, Monsters supposed to be halfe men, and half horses.

Argus, the keeper of *Io*, that had a hundred eyes, he was slaine by *Meraon*.

*Satyr*s, Monsters, that had the bodies of men, but all hairy, their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in woods; The Poets describe them to be lustfull and savage.

Sphinx, A monster that slew all that would not dissolve her riddle: the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, she threw her selfe from a high rocke, and brake her necke.

Men famous or infamous.

C*yclops*, The son of *Vulcan*, that was faigned to make weapons for *Iupiter*.

Achilles, A most valiant Captaine amongst the Greeks, that slew *Hector* and *Troilus*, but was himselfe at last slain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polixena*, by her brother *Paris*, who shot him in the heele, where he was only vulnerable.

Aeneas, the son of *Anchises*, and *Venus*, a most famous Trojan.

Curtius, who for his countries good, cast himselfe into a gaping cave of the Earth.

Cyrus, A Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could call his souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the nine Worthies, that so long preserved Troy, was slain by *Achilles*.

Matius Scaevola, that saved his life by the patient tolleration of the burning of his hand.

Perseus, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Sea-monster, and after married her.

Cesar the Roman Emperour, that vanquishd *Pompey*, whose Motto was ; *Veni, vidi, vici* : He was slain in the Senate house by *Brutus*, and *Cassius*.

Scipio, that brave Commander, who subdued *Hanniball*, with many other Kingdomes.

Pompey, that chose rather to dye, then to crave of *Lucullus* *Zorzele*, saying, that the gods had made him to give, not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that in 20 yeares no man ever envied them.

Theseus, that worthy, which slew the *Minotaure*.

Tylla, that famous Captaine, that was past intreatie for trittles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hephestion, A Capiaine that *Alexander* dearly loved.

Fabius and *Marcellus*, the one was held to be the sword, the other, the buckler of Rome.

Paris that stole *Helena*, A carper Captaine.

Zopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himselfe, saved Babylon from the fury of King *Darius*.

Augustus,

Augustus, A wise and mercifull Roman Emperour.

Titus the Roman Emperour, who having overslept one day, in not gratifying some one or other, would bewaile himselfe, saying he had lost that day.

Tiberius the Roman Emperour, that wore a Laurell, to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Vespasian, the milde and temperate Romane Emperour, A miracle of courtesie.

Octavian, A Roman Emperour, who when he was angry, would reade over the Greeke Alphabet before he would put any thing into execution.

Xerxes, A puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handfull of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of Mauritania, who for his skill in Astrology, was saigend to hold up heaven.

Giges, that had a ring to goe invisibly with.

Iason, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece.

Philip, King of Macedon, that had a skull ever on his Table, and a boy every morning to put him in mind, that he was but a man.

Pryamus, King of Troy, that lost both his kingdome, and life.

Sardanapalus, A light Prince, that habited himself in womens apparell, and carded and spun amongst them.

Zoroaster, the Baetrian, A famous Magician, the first in-venter of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captaine, that slew himselfe, because *Vtyses* got *Achilles* armour from him.

Bufris, A cruell Tyrant, that sacrificed strangers to *Iupiter*.

Dionysius, A Tyrant, that was called the monster of nature.

Lycan, whom *Iupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turned into a Wolfe.

Nero, A cruell Tyrant, that thought none chaste, he ripped up his mother, to see where he lay, and spurned his

owne Wife *Poppea*, big with childe, into another world.

Phalaris, A bloody Tyrant, that caused a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Pelecrates, that for griefe that he was never unfortunate, hangd himselfe.

Thersites, A most deformed person, of Cynicall and most dogged conditions,

Nestor, that lived 300 yeares a most wise man.

Amphion, one that by his naturall eloquence caused rude people to leade a civill life.

Roseius the Orator, famous for his gesture.

Tully the Orator, famous for his Eloquence.

Demosthenes, An incomparable Greeke Orator.

Sinon, A perfidious fellow, that betrayed Troy.

Gnatho, A notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, A learned Athenian Tragicall Poet.

Taxion, whom the Poets faigne continually to turne a wheele in hell.

Sisyphus, The Embleme of vaine labour, whom the Poets faigne continually, to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up, doth presently tumble down again.

Tantalus, An Embleme of a worldly miser faigned to thirst in Hell, yet stands up to the chin in a river, and to dye for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

Archias, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flie in the aire.

Flame, who first invented the Sea-mans Diall.

Endimion, that found out the course of the Moone, and therefore is faigned to be the man in the Moone.

Oedipus, that dissolved the riddle of *Sphinx*.

Staphilus, Who first mingled wine with water.

Tisius, The first inventor of Rhetoricke.

Ulysses, The first inventor of shooting of Birds, A famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, Famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calfse up to a Bull, and then eat it himselfe.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, The excellent Harper, that with his musicke drew after him wilde beasts, woods and mountaines; and which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home againe.

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeuxis, that so cunningly painted a boy carrying grapes, that birds came and pickt at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said, if he had made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds durst not have come so neare them.

Anaxagoras, the Philosopher, that was never seene to laugh.

Copernicus, A Philosopher, that affirmed, that the Earth turnes round, and the Heavens stand still.

Crates the Philosopher, that to better his studies, threw his wealth into the Sea.

Democritus, The laughing Athenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythius*, the Philosophers, that offered to suffer death for one another.

Diogenes, The Cynicall severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophists, Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian woods.

Heracitus, the Philosopher, that never had tutor, he alwaies wept.

Menippus the Philosopher, that having lost his goods, hangd himselfe.

Pythagoras, the Philosopher, that held transmigrations.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine Philosophers; the last tooke his name from chusing his owne death.

Socrates, the most wise Philosopher that had the school *Zantips* to his Wife.

Stoicks, A sect of Philosophers, that held, that wise men were free from all passions.

Poeticall Fictions.

Paracelsus, A Chemicall Physitian, that did admirable
but violent cures.

Galen and *Hipocrates*, two most famous Physitians.

Homer, the chiefe of Greeke Poets, that was blinde.

Anisophanus, The Greeke Poet, whose heart, when he
was ript up, was found to be hairie.

Lucan, A Spaniard, a most famous Poet.

Iuvenall, A Saryricall Poet.

Pindarus, A Lyricall Poet.

Tyresius the Poet, who by killing two snakes, knew
both sexes.

Zoilus, The father of all envious Poets, he railed against
Homer.

Cacus, A famous thiefe, slaine by *Hercules*.

Promethius, who for stealing fire from heaven, to put
life into men, was tyed by *Iupiter* to *Caucasus*, where the
Poets faine a Vultur gnawes his heart continually.

Icarus, for whom his father *Dadalus* made waxen
wings to fly with, was drowned in a part of the Sea neare
Crete, so called by his name.

Phaeton, the son of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride
in his chariot, he set the world on fire.

Antemon, The absolute coward, that would never goe out
of doores without a brazen Target before him.

Cataline, The famous Roman conspirator.

Charon, The Ferry-man of Hell.

Belshazzor, That brought Letters to cut his own throat.

Anisarchus, One that wrote 200 Bookes.

Orestes, that for slaying his Mother, was haunted with
the Furies to death.

Quint Vergill, *Horace*, three most excellent Roman poets.

Marcus Crassus, A private Roman, that dyed worth
hundred and two and fifty thousand pounds.

Cato Vinctiss, who because he would not see the cala-
mity of the Common-wealth, was like to fall into, slew
himselfe.

Poeticall Fictions.

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Philoxenus, A Parasite, that wisht that his necke were as long as a Cranes, that he might feele the most pleasure in sweet meats, and drinks.

Ioseph Scaliger, skilled in 30 languages.

Linceus, that could see ships 130 miles from him, and number them.

Acteon the Hunter, that for seeing *Diana* bathing herselfe, was turned into a Hart, and torne to peeces by his owne dogs.

Valerius, that loved his Master so well, that he suffered himselfe to be slaine in his bed, for him.

Antipodes, A people that live under us, whose feet are against ours.

Cannibals, Those that eat mans flesh.

Cymerians, A people which for half a yeare together see not the Sun.

Lacedemonians, A people that first found out the use of the sword, speare, and helmet.

Scythians, People that first invented bowes and arrows.

Thracians, that first found out the pleasures of hawking and hunting.

Mermeidons, A most warlike industrious Nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the Trojan wars.

Pigmyes, A little Indian people, of a cubite in length, that warre with the Cranes.

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, slaine by a Boare, turned into a flower.

Atis, A sweet boy, beloved of *Cibele*.

Ganimed, A Trojan boy whom *Iupiter* loved, and carried into Heaven, with him, and made him his Cup-bearer.

Narcissus a faire boy, who being in love with himselfe, was turned into a flower.

Spirina, A boy that every one for his beauty made love too; which was so troublesome and distastefull to him, that he poysoned himselfe.

Maids and Women famous or infamous.

ECHO, A Virgin, rejected of her lover, she pined into a voyce, which she reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero the Faire, that drowned her selfe for *Leander*, who endured the same fate in attempting to swim to her.

Sappho, that drowned her selfe for the love of a fair boy.

Sylla, That stole her fathers purple haire from him, out of the love she bore to *Minos*: who by that means overcame him: but hee, loathing her treachery, forsook her, which caused her to drown her selfe.

Thisbe, That slew her selfe for the love she bore to *Pyramus*: both she and her sweet-heart were turned into a Mulberry tree.

Atlanta, The swift chaste maiden Huntresse, that *Hippomenes* so nearly won into his armes and embraces, by the sight of the 3 golden Apples.

Chopatra, The famous Egyptian Queen, that put Asps to her breast, that she might dye for her Anthony.

Cassandra, The daughter of *Priamus* King of Troy, to whom *Apollo*, gave the promise of her maiden-head, gave the gift of prophetic; but she not keeping her word, he added to it this property, that she should never be believed, though she predicted truth.

Icarus, A faire Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother was transformed into a man.

Leda, A Nymph that loved *Hermophroditus* so dearly, that upon her request to the gods, she grew into one body with him.

Nisimene, that for lying with her owne father, was turned into an Owle.

Philomela ravished by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingall.

Andromeda, the Wife of *Perseus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Star.

Weeping Beld, who for preferring her selfe before her husband, had fourteen of her beautifull children slaine, and

Poeticall Fictions.

was afterwards her selfe turned into a stone.

Lucretia, A chaste Roman dame, that slew her
cause proud *Tarquin* ravishd her.

Penelope The chaste Wife of *Ulysses*, that had so
wooers in his absence.

Helena, That was ravishd at nine yeares of age by *The-
sus*; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with
Paris, for whose rape, the Trojans sustained a war of ten
yeares.

Messalina, The insatiable Wife of *Claudius* the Empe-
rour.

Leda, with whom *Iupiter* accompanied in the forme of a
Swan; she laid him two egges, the one called *Castor*, the
other *Pollux*. Two brothers afterwards turn'd into Stars.

Rhodopis A noted Thracian whore.

Omphale, The Lydian Queene, whom *Hercules* served at
the distaffe to obtaine her love.

Tuccia, A vestall Virgin, who being accused for forni-
cation, cleared her selfe by carrying water in a Sieve.

Lamie, Witches so called.

Medea, A Sorceresse, by whom *Jason* was rescued from the
golden Fleece.

Thymele, A woman that first taught to dance.

Zanippe, The scolding Wife of *Socrates* the most wise
Philosopher,

Amazons, Warlike Women in *Scythia*, that in their in-
fancy cut off one of their breasts, that it might not hinder
them in martiall exploits. *Pembisilea* was their Queene.

Virago, A stout Woman of a most manly courage.

Semiramis, The Wife of King *Ninus*, who after
death, her sonne being young, tooke upon her the go-
vernment, and performed many admirable things above
her Sex; but at last, falling into all manner of beastly and
sensuall lust: She endeavoured to lye with her sonne,
which unnaturall attempt he slew her.

Cornelia, A most chaste noble Roman Lady.

Poetical Fictions.

Phryxane the Wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the
Hell was thence in the beele by a Serpent, of

Phryxane *Pallas* for her chastitie gave the gift

Phryxane who was of the love she bore her husband

Phryxane *Pallas* for the royall Sepulcher she built

Phryxane that died to live her husbands life.

Phryxane A virtuous woman, that at the solemnization
of her husbands Funerall, out of the love she bore him,

Phryxane A chaste Matron, who being asked why she
married not another husband answered, her first was still

Phryxane *Pauline* The wife of *Seneca*, who when she
heard of the Tyrant *Nero*'s sentence of death on her hus-
band, she opened her owne veines, determining
not to live without him, who she loved so dearly.

Phryxane *Pauline* After the death of her husband was so
sorely affected, that she was never able to eat or drinke in the com-
pany of any other.

Phryxane *Pauline* A woman, who to avoyd the temp-
tation of youth, after the death of her first husband,
conveyed herself to the strictness of one chamber, to
which her younger sister being a vowed Virgin, had con-
fined herself. Thus in one bed, the heat of her youth
was extinguisht, and in the other, the solitude of her Wid-
owhood was warded off.

Phryxane

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